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CURRENT COMMENT.

"FRANCE wants us in the League on any terms," say the dispatches, and for once it is safe to assume that the dispatches are correct. It is hinted that she may get us: and this paper would not be at all surprised if she did. The best minds are now reported to be advising the President that with the present League already functioning he could not successfully form a new one; and that this Government's best move would be to join the existing body, with reservations designed to "safeguard American sovereignty." The League of Nations made safe and sane campaign material; but now that its usefulness in that respect is passed, it is conceivable that Messrs. Harding and Hughes may ferret the covenant out of its pigeon-hole, dust it off, and send it to the Senate with reservations designed to safeguard appearances for the Republican party. If they do so, we hardly think it will be because of M. Jusserand's representations or M. Viviani's eloquence—our impression is that Mr. Harding's command of the French language is not even as good as his command of English—but because the same group of financial internationalists who were behind the covenant as offered by Mr. Wilson will still be behind it as offered by Mr. Harding.

If Mr. Harding does recommend the League covenant to the Senate he will be disregarding the expressed will of the voters, just as Mr. Wilson disregarded their expressed will in 1917 by recommending a declaration of war. The people of this country are not over-supplied with effective means to make their sovereign will understood; but they did have an opportunity last November to show their dissatisfaction with Mr. Wilson and his works, and they showed it in a way that left no room for doubt. Now, the League was certainly a part of Mr. Wilson's works, and the part chosen by the Republican party for its chief point of attack on his Administration. Thus the Republican bid for support was at the same time a bid for an adverse vote on the League of Nations. If Mr. Harding should now secure acceptance of the covenant by the Senate he would be unquestionably betraying the voters; an offence which might well be expected to arouse great popular indignation were it not that the American electorate through custom of fell deeds are pretty well schooled never to expect anything else at the hands of a new Administration.

ONE of the first things that Secretary Hughes did when he got down to the office on the morning after the inauguration was to send out official dispatches demanding the early cessation of hostilities between Panama and Costa Rica. The Central Americans heard the voice of the Great White Father, and gave ear to his command. The newspaper-men in Washington heard it too, by some mischance, and straightway they told the country that Mr. Roosevelt had taken office again. Evidently Mr. Hughes had intended to put through his little ultimatum in decent privacy, for he lost no time in telling the newspaper-men what he thought of their eager and indelicate exposure of the facts. In the course of his curtain-lecture, the new Secretary gave the impression that he held the newspapers bound to refrain from publishing any unauthorized reports in regard to the affairs of the State Department. Mr. Hughes is of course in a position to choke up the news just about as much as he wants to, for he can shut off from the official sources any correspondent who displeases him by picking up information elsewhere; and no correspondent can subsist on scraps alone. The establishment of such a censorship is a strange undertaking for a man who is presumably versed in the principles of the American Constitution. Still Secretary Hughes has a diplomat's job now, and for the purposes of diplomacy it is always well to postpone discussion until the particular business in hand has been wound up and laid away.

THE Administration's denial that it intends to take any steps towards Government ownership of the railways suggests to us that the operators have exploited the roads to the point where they have no longer any speculative value; therefore the next logical step would be to unload them on to the Government, taking care in the transaction to exact par value for securities now selling in the market at a good deal under par. Then the operators, who control the supply of materials needed for equipment and upkeep of the roads, could continue to milk the roads through their control of prices for those materials, and leave the Government to make up from the public funds the deficits caused by their exactions, and to wrestle with labour. If the operators have a pump attached to every artery, why should they care who works the pulmotor on the depleted body?

THOSE who have expressed themselves in favour of helping out the impoverished Treasury of the United States by means of a tax on sales or business turnover, may consider the operation of that form of taxation in France. Reports for the month of February indicate that it produced about one-third of the amount of revenue expected. Revenue from this source has decreased steadily ever since the tax was put in force, and its total production is much under one-half of what was looked for. Moreover, as tending to bear out what we have lately said about the exemption of the small-holding landed proprietors, the reports show that only a trifle over half a million persons pay any income-tax. There is a continued and insistent demand for a more impartial administration of the income-tax, but this, as we have often said, is clearly impracticable. The small-holding landed proprietors of France are the principal bulwark between the French Government and revolution, and the moment that the burden of taxation falls upon their shoulders, behold, the bulwark crumbles.

A DECISION by the United States Supreme Court has affirmed Mr. Burleson's right to withdraw the second-class mailing privilege from the *Milwaukee Leader*. It is probable also that the case of the *New York Call* may be unfavourably affected by this decision. Justices Brandeis and Holmes dissented from the majority of the court; the former criticizing the decision on the ground that it endangered the freedom of the press, and the latter furnishing some sensible and caustic comment upon the right of free speech; which, he said, "is almost as inherent as the right to use our tongues." For our part, we think that the Supreme Court has done nothing but reaffirm an established fact. The superstition seems to be abroad that Americans have always enjoyed liberties under the civil-rights clauses of the Constitution and that these liberties have only recently been annulled. We do not, however, know of any time—surely not within seventy years—when Americans enjoyed any general right of free speech, free press and free assembly. Can any reader of these lines remind us of such a time and tell us when it was? If not, then why on earth should one make any particular fuss about the Supreme Court's most recent decision in the premises?

We do not pretend to understand the penalties that have been put on Germany; and the hardest of all to get through our head is the one whereby traders in Allied countries should pay to their own Governments fifty per cent of the value of any deals with German traders. As we understand it, here is A., a German trader with \$1000 worth of goods. B., an English trader, buys those goods, sends A. \$500, and \$500 to the British Treasury. It strikes us that if we were in A.'s place, we would simply not trade with B. We would look around for somebody in some other country to trade with; there are plenty of markets. Russia, for example, is handy; her people are old-time customers of Germany and the Soviet Government can buy all sorts of goods and pay spot cash, which is a desideratum. There may be some good reason why A. will keep up commerce with B., but it takes better brains than ours to discern it. Again, just how are Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand going to get the rest of the crowd—Italy, for instance, which has lately been driving a big trade with Germany—to stand in on that fifty per cent arrangement? Perhaps by shutting off their coal-supply; but that will not work with all of them, and is not now nearly so easy a trick to turn as it was during the war.

THE Great War was a fine Fourth of July celebration, with unusual casualties among the participants and exceptionally high profits for the concessionnaires. Ordinarily one does not expect such a celebration to yield anything much to the general public except a certain amount of spiritual upliftment; and yet a lot of people still believe that a properly conducted war may come somewhere near paying for itself. Persons of this sort may derive a kind of sour satisfaction from a study of the following figures, drawn from Senator Spencer's recent report on the war-losses of the Allied nations:

	GROSS COST.	CREDIT-INDemnITY.	FINAL LOSS.
United States . . .	\$44,173,948,225	\$2,300,000,000	\$41,873,948,225
Britain	51,052,634,000	9,850,000,000	41,202,634,000
France	54,272,915,000	16,000,000,000	38,272,915,000
Italy	18,680,847,000	3,500,000,000	15,180,847,000
Belgium	8,174,731,000	5,700,000,000	2,474,731,000
China	565,376,000	100,000,000	465,376,000
Japan	481,018,000	250,000,000	231,018,000
Total	\$177,402,269,225	\$37,700,000,000	\$139,702,269,225

The credit-column is by far the most interesting feature of this exhibit. A study of the published summary of the report reveals the fact that besides uncollected and uncollectable indemnities, such miscellaneous items as 845,439 square miles of ex-German colonial territory, now become British, and a number of continental and oceanic odds and ends, not altogether lacking in value, now Japanese, have been chalked up to the credit of the appropriate and fortunate beneficiaries.

FROM all this, and particularly from Senator Spencer's ill-tempered remarks upon Japan's small hazards and large winnings, one might draw out the inference that the American people are in a worse case than those of any other Allied nation, because American diplomats were not sufficiently active in gathering up loose assets at Versailles. Anyone who has the faintest notion of the conditions which now exist in the other Allied countries must know that such a conclusion is absurd. All this computation of credits in terms of indemnities and islands and what not, all this lamentation over the failure of America to get hold of a few burdensome dependencies, simply diverts attention from the fact that the cost of war can really be shifted in only one direction, and that is downward upon the masses of the people. If Germany should pay the Allies much, and the Allies should pay America little or nothing, it would still be substantially true that the great burden of the official and unofficial cost of this war will stick exactly where it has fallen, upon the backs of the lesser folk of Europe and America, Allied and enemy, the ninety-and-nine per cent who must still somehow carry on.

If this paper could get its readers to sit down in front of this one proposition—that the costs of war can not be shifted *sidewise*—we should have done a thing or two for the cause of international peace. Indeed, we despair of doing very much in any other fashion. We do not believe that the war-spirit is a kind of free balloon that can be readily shot down with argument. To our way of thinking, militarism is a very substantial and well-founded structure, built by three sorts of men; men who know their business and who profit roundly by the work, men who enjoy the work for its own sake, and men who are fooled or forced into helping the professional profiteers and patriots with their little job. There is no use trying to prove that war is always unprofitable and unpleasant for all the parties concerned. Anyone who attempts such a proof will get tangled up with the war-time record of new limousine-licenses, the applications of monopolists for concessions in conquered territory, the militant resolutions of American Legionaries who wanted to hurry back from the Rhine in order to "jump off" once again at the Rio Grande. For our own part, we have nothing to say to these people who have had a try at war and found it suited to their taste or serviceable to their pocketbooks.

It is to the lesser folk who are decoyed or drafted into the military proletariat that we should like to talk; and here we interest ourselves rather in showing what war costs, than in showing what it is. Artists like Tolstoy, Garshin, Latzko and Barbusse have developed the moral method to perfection, sometimes with no conscious purpose other than that of literary creation, often with the full intention of painting the screaming horrors of the battlefield so vividly that anyone who reads will recoil from the reality of war. We are bound to believe that this realistic treatment of war has accomplished something; and yet we can not forget that the very men who actually witness these horrors are often little affected by them. Indeed most people learn easily to look with indifference upon the agonies of others, and there is always a consoling chance that the individual himself will escape injury. The economic effects of war are a different matter. They are more widespread and more persistent than the physical dangers of the conflict can be under any circumstances; and more important still, the economic burdens outlast the conflict, and have to be lugged along through years of peace-time disillusionment and hard work, when war itself has taken on a tint of romance in spite of the best efforts of the realists. In the present instance, the educational value of this economic burden-bearing can be neutralized only by the persistence of the belief that by some kind of jugglery German colonies and German credits can be made to give substantial relief to the Allied peoples. Armies can no longer live off

the enemy's country, or conquerors live at the expense of the conquered. Modern warfare imposes burdens which all the participants together can hardly carry; any smoke-screen thrown up around this fact reeks of a militarism more dangerous than all the old sword-rattling of Potsdam.

WE are now glad that we did not get ourselves and our readers all het up last week over the reports of successful counter-revolution against the Soviet Government. The dailies used up yards and yards of space on that subject, and are now in a rather ignominious position, which is nothing new for them, to be sure, and no doubt they are used to it. In estimating these matters we have a rough general rule for ourselves which is based on experience and works pretty well, so we recommend it to our readers. It is this: Whenever the Allied Governments get into a tight place of any kind, whether among themselves or with Germany, then look out for lurid news of a counter-revolution in Russia. The dispatches will bear the date-line of Helsingfors, Finland, this being the seat of a French mission which attends to such matters. Then within two or three days, these dispatches and their variants will be backed up by statements from the French Foreign Office. They usually run for about a week or ten days, then somehow peter out, and the editorials pronounce a valedictory on the series by saying that there was not much in it after all. That is what has happened since our last issue, just as we knew it would. It has happened many times before, and will happen many times hereafter.

A LONG time ago we made up our minds to lose no more sleep over the perils of Petrograd; like the perils of Pauline, they have a way of flickering out and leaving the audience with the feeling that the show has been over-advertised. We have a sort of feeling that the first episode of the series of perils now being presented was the issuance from Paris of warnings against expected attacks by the Red armies upon the Baltic states. When lagging French sympathies had been poked into life by these announcements, President Pilsudski turned up in Paris, and within a few days the papers published the news of a new friendly understanding between France and Poland. At about the same time, the news was let slip that Poland and Rumania were negotiating an anti-Bolshevik alliance, which has since been expanded to include the arch-democrats of Hungary, and may eventually gather in the Czechs also. In the meantime, a collection of Russian ex-officeholders had gathered themselves together in Paris, where they decided that Russia's salvation must be achieved by a process of boring from within.

By this unselfish abandonment of the policy of intervention, after intervention itself had failed upon repeated occasions, the ex-Russians did not exactly vote themselves out of a job. The president of the Parisian Executive Committee has already undertaken the task of proving that the newly reported disturbances in Russia "differ in every way from the outbreaks of Wrangel, Kolchak, Deniken and Yudenitch." As long as these latter invasions had a chance of success, each of them was advertised as a movement of the Russian people. This title is now available for transference to each new street-brawl, and M. Avksentiev has not hesitated to make free use of it in the present instance. He has even gone so far as to ask M. Boris Bakhmetiev to ask our State Department to ask the American Red Cross to send supplies to the rebels in Kronstadt and thereabouts—"on purely humanitarian grounds." For M. Avksentiev, non-intervention means intervention by proxy; wherever dollars are concerned, America is the natural understudy, just as the small nations of the reconstructed *cordon sanitaire* will be, if and when the time comes for a new trial of force.

EVERY once in a while, the papers come out with something that is preposterous and unreasonable and quite be-

yond the grasp of our feeble understanding. Here, for instance, is this matter of the birth-rate in England and Wales for the year that has recently staggered to its close. According to the report of the Registrar-General, 1920 brought the number of births to the highest figure ever yet recorded. The Registrar speaks as one having authority; hence we accept his statement, although we do not understand it. We had expected that Great Britain's war-losses would cut the birth-rate considerably. If provision has been made for the polygamous marriage of surviving males, news of it has escaped our knowledge; and we had just naturally supposed that the British Isles were largely inhabited, nowadays, by widows and spinsters. Besides this, we have not quite forgotten about the positive and preventive checks upon population, once the subject of an elaborate discourse by Thomas Malthus. If memory serves us, Mr. Malthus would have expected the hard times which followed the war to demoralize the population somewhat, with a resultant relaxation of prudential restraints. As far as it goes, this seems to fit the situation, since it points in the direction of an increasing birth-rate. But Mr. Malthus went farther; he said that under such circumstances, the positive checks would operate with exceptional severity; in other words, the death-rate would increase. But here we have the Registrar rising in opposition with the statement that the death-rate for 1920 was the lowest yet recorded. Altogether there seems to be something wrong with the facts, or the theory, or our manipulation of the one and the other. In any case we should be glad to have some one illuminate the whole matter for us.

WHENEVER the noise of politics and wars lulls down a bit, we hear once more those ominous murmurings about metropolitan congestion which precede the application of remedies that create a still more serious congestion. It should be obvious to anybody that the only way to lighten the human burden now carried by the island of Manhattan, for example, is to cut down the amount of work done here. The scattering of sleeping-places broadcast at the ends of a hundred transportation-lines avails little, if at the same time the working-places of the millions are piled higher and higher, upon a few square miles of territory. New subways make new skyscrapers profitable; new skyscrapers call for new subways to haul the workers back and forth; and so the puppy chases his tail to distraction. Just at present the advertising pages of the metropolitan dailies show that New York City is over-supplied with office-space, much of it in mountainous new buildings. On the other hand, five minutes' compression in the subway, morning or evening, will convince any one that the facilities for reaching these vacant offices have not yet been created. The obvious thing to do is to build more subways. Of course the obvious thing will be done; but there is a shadowy chance that something really serviceable will be done also. If the engineers will only open out the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway to ocean-traffic, as they are now talking of doing, some of New York's trade may pass by on the other side, and some of New York's people may emigrate. The individuals who inhabit the metropolis after the exodus will indeed be blessed, for each of them will know what it is to have air on all four sides of him.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

TOWARDS THE ECONOMIC MEANS.

THE New York *Herald* is to be congratulated upon the uncommonly able survey of German industry which it is publishing from the pen of Mr. Raymond E. Swing. The attention of the politically-minded American may in particular be called to the second article in the series, published 8 March, in which Mr. Swing describes the economic parliament (*Reichswirtschaftsrat*) which exists side by side with the political parliament (*Reichstag*) as a body of 400 members, wherein labour and capital have equal representation, the members being elected by employer's associations and labour unions; and wherein also consumers, municipalities and the national Government have representation. The function of this parliament, roughly, is to deal with all matters affecting the economic life of Germany; thus making it possible, as Mr. Swing says, for those who are vitally interested in such questions to pass upon them at first hand instead of turning them over to a political parliament like the Reichstag or like our Congress at Washington. Mr. Swing gives an example of the workings of the economic parliament which the politically-minded American, the American who habitually thinks in terms of politics and political institutions, might most profitably peruse. He says:

An episode illustrating this is the vote in the economic parliament on the licensing of the National Cash Register Company to build factories in Germany and to import for them certain tools which might have been purchased here. The Ministry of Economics refused the license; the case was appealed to the economic parliament.

All German manufacturers immediately interested, and the National Cash Register Company, were summoned to a hearing, as before a court. The Krupp Company, now constructing cash registers, together with manufacturers of tools such as the Americans wished to import, were the chief defendants. Hans Krämer, Vice-President of the parliament, presided.

The American representative took the stand and was cross-examined as to the intentions of his company. Would it employ German labour? Yes. Would it use German equipment? Yes. Would it undermine the market of German machines? No; and the American stated his reasons. Why did the Americans wish to bring over their own tools, and what bearing would their so doing have on the advantage to Germany of the project as a whole?

The German manufacturers made their plea. Mr. Patterson, the head of the American company, said one, had signed a manifesto during the war defaming the Germans.

'This is no question of politics,' remarked Herr Krämer, and ruled out the argument.

The Germans opened their books and showed just how much injury they must suffer if the Americans were admitted. But the committee in the end found that German industry would be more benefitted than damaged, and so voted.

The idea of the economic parliament is not peculiar to Germany. Russia has it; and Germany is indeed somewhat behind Russia in the development of the idea. But we are not concerned at present with the degree of development attained by the idea in either country. What interests us is its tendency. As Mr. Swing says:

Were the trend to develop to its logical termination it would weld Germany into a complete industrial unit and give her an industrial parliament where producer, consumer and labour fought out their measures and wrote them on the statute books without the political parliament exercising a veto. And Germany would be not dissimilar to the guild-socialist State, in which the industries conduct all material affairs, and politics deals not with government but with such spiritual interests as education and art. The difference would be that capital would not be eliminated, but that the new order would be created largely through capitalist endeavour.

This development seems quite logical. It is in the line of history, and the present time would seem to be most favourable to it, since the nature of all politics and of political institutions has of late become so widely understood and is so seriously questioned.

Paraphrasing the latest researches into the history of political government, one may begin with the axiom that there are two possible means whereby human needs and desires may be satisfied. One is work, the other is robbery. There is a third—begging—but it need not be considered. Work is the "economic means" of satisfying those needs and desires, and robbery may be called the "political means," inasmuch as large-scale robbery is carried on only under the institutions of politics; that is to say, by means of armies and navies, civil courts, tariffs, concessions, natural-resource monopoly and franchises. These are the agencies whereby the many are robbed for the benefit of the few. They are the means whereby human society is stratified into an owning and exploiting class and a propertyless dependent class. The State, or political government properly so called, is therefore an organization of the political means. It exists primarily to maintain this stratification of society. This is true, no matter what the mode or form of the State may be, whether autocratic, constitutional or republican. The United States, for example, is a republican country; yet of the Federal taxes we pay, only about five per cent goes to internal development, public health, education, agriculture, commerce, the postoffice and the like—the objects for which alone a purely administrative government, like government by the Russian or German economic parliament, for instance, would exist. Fully ninety-five per cent of the income of the Federal Government (to say nothing of State and municipal taxes) is spent to preserve the integrity of the political means; it is spent to maintain the stratification of our society into an owning and exploiting class and a propertyless dependent class.

All the way from the days of feudalism, the owning and exploiting class has always been small and homogeneous and the political means has always been highly organized; while the economic means has always been loosely and imperfectly organized and the propertyless dependent class has been large and heterogeneous. The progress of society as a whole has been due to the progressively higher organization of the economic means and its progressive encroachments upon the strongholds of the political means. This process is the historical reality that underlies what our socialist friends rather loosely call the "class-conflict." The State, which is the organization of the political means (that is, of robbery), has been slowly and steadily beaten back before the progressively higher organization of the economic means (that is, of work, of the combined action of labour and capital, organized for the production of wealth). From the long-time point of view this process may be seen as going on until the organization of the political means is displaced and disappears; until political government disappears and is replaced by a purely administrative government—or, in more technical terms, until the State is replaced by Society.

The formation of the economic parliament in Russia and Germany is a step in this process. One can not say how long a step it is when viewed *sub specie æternitatis*, but viewed in relation to the times and to what has gone before, it appears to be considerable. Perhaps it will be found to represent as great a gain as was made in the Middle Ages by the organization of the Hansa—whereby merchant's law became city

law, then largely national law, and finally, to some extent, international or public law. However this may be, there is no doubt of the tendency shown in the formation of the economic parliaments; and it is this tendency which we invite our politically-minded citizenry to contemplate carefully.

MUCH ADO TO GET NOTHING.

It was fortunate for M. Briand that Mr. Lloyd George's political difficulties coincided with the recent Allied-German conference. M. Briand had on his hands what looked to be a difficult task. If his Government was to remain in power he had to satisfy the demands of the French extremists for an indeterminate amount over and above Germany's uttermost farthing, or, failing that, coercive military action. At the time when he assumed the rôle of premier it did not look as if M. Briand could satisfy this French sentiment, powerfully led by M. Poincaré, and at the same time retain the much desired co-operation of Great Britain; for British sentiment generally seemed to favour a policy of moderation towards Germany. But now, with a French and Belgian invasion of Germany well started, backed by a British tank or two and the moral support of the British Government, French chauvinism is, for the time being, satisfied and M. Briand returns to Paris crowned with the laurels of diplomatic victory.

It would not appear that M. Briand may hope for more than a mere diplomatic victory. From any other than the officeholder's point of view the Allied invasion of Germany seems sheer insanity. It impresses us as the act of desperate and dangerous men who are too hard pressed to consider the economic consequences of the policy they are adopting. It is difficult to believe that M. Briand or Mr. Lloyd George, mere politicians though they be, ever seriously counted on collecting from the impoverished land beyond the Rhine enough money even to pay the moving-expenses of their expedition. Undoubtedly Mr. Lloyd George, in making his spectacular play at the London conference, was governed chiefly by an urgent sense of his own insecurity. It was a high political necessity for him to divert popular attention from the situation created by his Government's Irish policy. No doubt also there was in the minds of the Allied premiers some thought of embarrassing this country's progress towards a separate peace with Germany.

It is difficult to see in this latest act of the Allies any motivation beyond sheer and squalid political considerations, such as these. Surely Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand do not hope, by sending military forces into Germany, to collect what does not exist; and that the amounts the Allies have demanded do not and can not exist has been amply attested, one would think, by the willingness of the German Government and people to submit to the ignominy of an invasion of their country rather than to accept obligations impossible of fulfilment. The fact that the German delegation, faced with the alternative of an invasion, did not dare materially to alter their original propositions gives colour to their contention that those propositions showed a truer sense of reality than the Allies had yet displayed. This reality will be in no degree changed by the mere occupation of German cities, nor is there reason to suppose that a population already demoralized and rendered unproductive by the exactions of the Versailles Treaty will become any less demoralized or more productive under the stress of foreign occupation. Indeed, reports of a slump

in production are already beginning to come from the newly occupied area.

Whether Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand considered these things or not, they have fired off their guns, and the result is highly doubtful. On the face of it the invasion of German territory looks like a very expensive attempt to collect a very bad debt: it looks uneconomical. As a short cut to peace it looks equally unpromising. Yet it may on the whole, be the best thing that could have happened. As the *Lokal-Anzeiger* remarked, you can threaten with a gun only until you have fired it; then your threat ceases to have weight. The Allies, having carried out their threat of invasion, will no longer have it to use as a stimulus to German dilatoriness. They have played their last trump, and if it fails, as fail it must, there may be some chance of a new deal. A section of the German press insists that the invasion constitutes an abrogation of the Treaty of Versailles: if it should mean the death of that compact it would be an out-and-out blessing to Europe and the world. In any case it would appear to mean that the Allied indemnity-conditions will go by the board; and that will be as good a thing for France and the rest of the world as it would be for Germany; for under those conditions France would become the international commission-broker in the prison-made goods of Germany, and hence the best-hated nation in the world; while labour in France and all over the world would find itself in steady competition with the convict-labour of Germany. It is always possible that Germany will offer the Allies new terms, which they, having made their grand-stand play, may accept. Any present discussion of the final outcome of this policy of "enforcing the sanctions" must necessarily be based on speculation, and one man's guess is as good as another's. Our own guess is that as far as material results are concerned, the Allies stand to get from an invasion of Germany exactly what they would have gotten had they kept their soldiers at home, to wit, nothing.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

THE present relations between Germany and the Allied Powers are quite likely to have the interesting effect of reopening the question of responsibility for the war; and this is a good thing. The German Government, speaking at the London conference through Dr. Simons, formally declined to shoulder this responsibility alone. Mr. Lloyd George indignantly assured the German delegation that the question was closed and that the Allied Powers could not by any possibility admit any reconsideration of it or any assumptions which were not based upon the broad ground of German guilt. This perhaps was the surest way of bringing the question again quickly to the fore; and discussion has been accordingly revived in Germany and England, as sooner or later it will be revived here.

Let us for the present consider only the position of Mr. Lloyd George. In a speech made 23 December last at the Empire Parliamentary Association, he said: "The more one reads memoirs and books written in the various countries, of what happened before 1 August, 1914, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled, perhaps through folly; and a discussion, I have no doubt, would have averted it." Europe, then, reeled irresponsibly into the war, much as a drunken roysterer on his homeward way might stagger into a mortar-bed! What an exhibit of

the methods of politicians and diplomatists! No one quite meant war and a discussion would have averted it! The war was something into which Europe staggered and stumbled—and yet it was Mr. Lloyd George who said, "This I know is true: after the guarantee given that the German fleet would not attack the coast of France or annex any French territory, I would not have been a party to a declaration of war had Belgium not been invaded; and I think I can say the same thing for most, if not all, of my colleagues." But Belgium was not invaded until 4 August, and the British Cabinet did not even discuss the question of Belgian neutrality until 2 August. As the *National Review* said, several members of the Cabinet on 2 August "were casting about for a life-buoy to save their righteous souls, which was ultimately provided by Belgium." In March, 1915, the *Times*, then the mirror of the Foreign Office, said it was "the imperious reason of self-interest" which committed England, and "even had Germany not invaded Belgium, honour and interest would have united us with France." Mr. Bonar Law, in his letter of 2 August, pledging the support of the Tory party, said nothing about Belgium. The pledge was given "in support of France and Russia"; and Lord Lansdowne, the Tory leader in the House of Lords, said "we had to consider our obligations to France, by which we were bound." Lord Haldane, who organized the Expeditionary Force, said he had not the "smallest doubt about the imperative necessity of our taking part in the war." The British Fleet and the British Army were mobilized long enough before the British Cabinet discussed the question of Belgium's neutrality, and at the very moment, 1 August, when Prince Lichnowsky asked Sir Edward Grey "whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral" (Dispatch No. 123, White Paper), the German fleet was bottled up.

With these facts in mind, it would be most appropriate if some one should ask Mr. Lloyd George why, when, "no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage," and "a discussion, I have no doubt, would have averted it," he did not suggest a discussion. He was fully informed, he knew then what "the intelligentsia of foreign affairs" know now. There is nothing of importance in the memoirs and books he refers to that was not thoroughly well-known by students of European politics on 1 August, 1914. The well-informed naval correspondent of the *Referee*, 2 August, said: "Mr. Churchill was almost the only Minister who appreciated the gravity of the situation, and is understood to have given early orders 'on his own' for the mobilization of the entire British fleet. . . . Hence the assembly of the whole fleet for inspection by the King. Mr. Churchill's extraordinary courage, decision, and foresight were never excelled by his great ancestor. England, thanks to Mr. Churchill, begins the war at her selected moment, not at the chosen moment of the Mad Dog of Europe." It would seem that Mr. Lloyd George must have known something about all that. He was a party to the scheme revealed so frankly in Lord Fisher's recent book, and he knew that August, 1914, was the time set years before by "the builder of the British fleet" as the date for the war's outbreak. Yet the reading of memoirs and books makes him realize now more and more "that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage."

What does he mean by this statement? To whom is he referring? The British Cabinet? The French Cabinet? The Tsar? Surely he does not mean Ger-

many, for on 4 August, 1917, he told the English people that they were fighting "to defeat the most dangerous conspiracy ever plotted against the liberty of nations; carefully, skilfully, insidiously, clandestinely planned in every detail with ruthless, cynical determination." This is sweeping and conclusive; yet "no one at the head of affairs quite meant war" on 1 August, 1914. Was he conscious of "the most dangerous conspiracy ever plotted against the liberty of nations," when on 1 January, 1914, he said: "The German army is vital, not merely to the existence of the German Empire, but to the very life and independence of the nation itself, surrounded as Germany is by other nations, each of which possesses armies almost as powerful as her own. We forget that, while we insist on a sixty per cent superiority (as far as our naval strength is concerned) over Germany being essential to guarantee the integrity of our own shores, Germany herself has nothing like that superiority over France alone, and she has, of course, in addition, to reckon with Russia on her eastern frontier. Germany has nothing which approximates to a two-Power standard." How can the theory of "the most dangerous conspiracy ever plotted," be reconciled with this statement which, we repeat, he made in January, 1914, only seven months before the outbreak of the war? The figures for military expenditure prove how correct this pre-war statement was. Leaving Great Britain out, and putting Austria in, the figures for ten years before the war were:

France	Russia	Germany	Austria
£347,348,259	£495,144,622	£448,025,543	£234,668,407

The military expenditure of the two groups above referred to, in 1914, was as follows:

France and Russia.....	£114,270,338
Germany and Austria.....	£ 92,865,354

The "dangerous conspiracy" is clearly not to be found by aid of the figures for expenditure. Perhaps the figures showing the relative strength of the peace-establishments might help. Here is the statement of military peace-strength given to the House of Commons 5 June, 1913, by Colonel Seely, the War Minister:

FRANCE	
Additions proposed	183,715
Future Peace Establishment	741,572
RUSSIA	
Additions made	75,000
Present Peace Establishment	1,284,000
Future: not yet ascertained	
GERMANY	
Additions made	38,373
Additions proposed	136,000
Future Peace Establishment	821,964
AUSTRIA	
Additions made	58,595
Present Peace Establishment	473,643
Future: not yet ascertained	

It is difficult to find trace of the conspiracy referred to by Mr. Lloyd George, or to find who was responsible for it and against whom it was aimed. He appeared at no time conscious of it before the war began. Indeed it was all the other way with him, for at the Queen's Hall, London, 28 July, 1908, he said:

"Look at the position of Germany. Her army is to her what our navy is to us—her sole defence against invasion. She has not got a two-Power standard. She may have a stronger army than France, than Russia, than Italy, than Austria; but she is between two great Powers who in combination, could pour in a vastly greater number of troops than she has. Don't forget that when you wonder why Germany is frightened at alliances and understandings and some

sort of mysterious workings; here is Germany, in the middle of Europe, with France and Russia on either side, and with a combination of their armies greater than hers. Suppose we had here a possible combination which would lay us open to invasion; suppose Germany and France, or Germany and Russia, or Germany and Austria, had fleets which, in combination, would be stronger than ours; would not we be frightened? Would we not arm? Of course we should."

Mr. Lloyd George was in a position to know all about the combination of armies to which he refers. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer then; and the combination he referred to was the one set up by the Franco-Russian secret understanding by which it was agreed that mobilization by either Power meant a declaration of war. Mr. Lloyd George knew everything there was to be known about "alliances and understandings, and some sort of mysterious workings." Indeed he did.

On 5 May, 1908, about three months before Mr. Lloyd George made the Queen's Hall speech, Lord Fisher wrote to Lord Esher, President of the Committee of Defence, saying:

"Yesterday with all the Lords present, McKenna formally agreed to four dreadnaughts and *if necessary* six dreadnaughts next year (perhaps the greatest triumph ever known!). Let Lloyd George reassure McKenna and tell him to have no fear—it doesn't affect next year, as McKenna consents to four or even six; but it does affect the year after, and the Admiralty finance should be arranged accordingly and not deplete next year at the expense of the year after."

Was there ever any conspiracy other than that of which Lord Fisher gives the complete history in his book called "Memories"? Did "no one at the head of affairs quite mean war" before 1 August, 1914? Mr. Lloyd George's present insistence upon Germany's shouldering the whole responsibility for the war merely makes one wonder what the right honourable gentleman is capable of saying next.

LOST IN THE CROWD.

If a social psychologist should take the trouble to compute the amount of time that the average citizen of any big American city spends as a member of one or another kind of crowd, he would get a vivid sense of the importance of his own subject; and at the same time he would quickly realize how unscientific and speculative that subject still is. Experimental psychology, educational psychology, neurology, psychiatry, reaction-time to pain, and so on—all seem to be commendably disciplined sciences in comparison with the vague and nebulous field of phenomena called social psychology. Yet it is precisely this vague and nebulous field which is of primary importance for the humanist. It is man reacting as a whole, and not in parts, which is the humanist's first consideration; and it is just there that the social psychologist, in spite of the regrettably elementary nature of his science, can help him most. For in considering the modern man as a whole, the first thing that strikes a dispassionate observer is the fact that he lives as an individual only about one-twentieth of his waking, conscious life. The other nineteen-twentieths he spends as a member of a crowd. Personal individuality is almost completely smothered; indeed with a few more mechanistic developments in our modern civilization it may some day be smothered altogether.

Consider, for example, the average city-man's daily

routine. He gets up, let us say, at eight. He shaves and washes his teeth, using a standardized razor and soap and tooth-brush. He gets into standardized clothes and eats a more or less standardized breakfast. Then he comes to his office by train or subway, reading his morning newspaper; which again hundreds of thousands of others are doing at that same moment of time. In one sense, his newspaper is just another crowd to which he belongs. At his office he goes through the routine of his business, sharing the crowd-assumptions of the organization of which he is a part, and in general sharing the wider assumptions of the whole business-world in which his particular organization functions. After a hasty lunch eaten with the crowd he goes back to the afternoon routine; and then goes home with the crowd, reading his evening newspaper the while. Possibly after dinner he goes to a show, to his lodge, or to a friendly game of poker with the boys.

Thus he spends the larger part of the day as a member of a crowd; but this fact barely begins to tell the story. When he is alone, or when for a moment or two he stumbles on the curb, day-dreaming and not keenly aware of his immediate environment, his mind is full of crowd-assumptions, snatches of propaganda from his newspaper, dramatizations of himself before certain crowds; and if the average city-man once gave an honest introspective account of his own stream of consciousness, he would be astonished at how little of that stream is his personal own, and how much of it is contributed by the crowds which press upon him from all sides.

While man is largely a social animal, he was never meant to be as social as all this. Somehow or other, human individuality must peep through the smothering blanket of modern crowds; and what is happening to-day is a curious and dangerous exemplification of this ancient truth. Curious, because man is making use of the very thing that is crushing him; dangerous, because he is not making a success of it.

Before 1914 it would perhaps have been difficult to make it clear how modern man is using the crowd to give vent to those very dispositions of which society as a whole must disapprove. Fortunately the experiences of the war and of the period of intensive propaganda since the war, make the assertion appear less paradoxical to-day. It is a thesis that social psychologists, for example so able a writer as Mr. Everett Dean Martin, are increasingly emphasizing. Investigation has not gone far yet, but the importance of further investigation and research can not be underestimated.

Briefly, the facts appear to be something thus: The anti-social dispositions in man, the crude sexual waywardnesses and anarchial aggressiveness, for instance, are ordinarily disciplined by the civilized environment and by teaching; the result of which is to push them back into the unconscious where they take their revenge, innocently in the form of dreams, and savagely in the form of sudden pathological outbursts. This is fairly familiar; the strain of balked dispositions created by modern civilization is to-day a well-worn theme. In contrast to these wild anti-social impulses are usually set the so-called social dispositions; to gain prestige in the community; to be well thought of; to build a family; to rise in one's profession; to take part in public affairs; and so on. Society, groups, clubs, nations, communities are then pictured as organizations which perform the double function of stimulating these social dispositions in man and of furnishing the means through which these aroused dispositions can find sat-

isfaction. It is conventional to call a man civilized when the second group of dispositions has developed power enough to hold the first group in check. Society, and the groups into which society naturally divides itself, are supposed to furnish the most efficacious aid in stimulating man to develop such power. The strain of the balked dispositions is then supposed somehow to disappear into thin air, to have been civilized away; or in our modern jargon, sublimated.

The war and its aftermath have clearly shown us that this analysis is much too simple. The anti-social dispositions manage to break through in spite of all; and the amazing thing is that they break through by using a crowd as the means of their expression. For example, to think of the nation as a whole is to be social in a large and wholesome way; yes, but in time of war, thinking of the nation as a whole becomes translated into entirely different terms. It is to hate the enemy and to release vicariously all those fugitive sadistic impulses which ordinarily are kept decently hidden. Again, to act as part of the crowd in a lynching party is a social act, in so far as one is associated with many people in the enterprise; but it also releases the most anti-social impulses imaginable.

These, it will be demurred, are extreme cases. To be sure; yet they illustrate graphically the principle in question. More and more as one studies the subject, does it become clear that propaganda, reform, standardization, intolerance are all parts of the same sort of thing—the use of the crowd to give vent to dispositions which in themselves deserve to be called anti-social. To a certain extent this has always happened in human history; it has been a way of balancing repression with release; but never has this principle been so ubiquitous and insidious as it is to-day. The fanatic speaking for his small minority, a crowd of which he is an important part, and attempting to impose the views and dogma of that minority on everybody else by weapon or by threat, enjoys the warm glow of the social approval of his group along with the personal satisfaction which comes from releasing his personal impulses towards cruelty. The ordinary man reading his newspaper and chuckling over some unfair attack on a politician who belongs to the party for which he does not vote, is undergoing the same kind of psychological process.

Now, the dangerous side of this method of finding release for certain dispositions does not, as we might at first suppose, lie in the fact of the release itself. Until we find a more civilized way of handling them, the bottled-up dispositions of man towards aggression and anarchy will be periodically drained away in wars. War has that indubitable psychological function; and we have never squarely faced the problem of finding its moral equivalent. The deeper danger in this method of releasing certain dispositions is that the creative impulses, too, are under a strain in modern life; and they, too, find their vent through the medium of the crowd instead of through the expression of human personality.

This, it seems to us, is the underlying reason for the deeper dissatisfaction of man with modern civilization. Increasingly the only method he can employ for the expression of his individuality is through the crowd. He must use an instrument which in a sense is a denial of his original purpose. To express his individuality he must employ the very thing that is by nature designed to smother it. It is a dilemma that our modern form of civilization has posed for us, by accident rather than design. But it is a dilemma that we must somehow resolve if the spiritual integrity of the individual man is to be preserved.

THE TRAGEDY OF CHANG.

CHANG, my Chinese room-boy, was a never-failing source of interest to me. Among other things, he was a spendthrift, a gambler, and, at the same time, a miser and an excellent financier. He grafted from me, right and left, yet he steadily refused to allow me to be cheated by others. I presume, in his eyes, I constituted his own particular cherry-tree, over which he set himself to rob, and, coincidentally, to act as watch-dog against theft by others.

I used to observe him as he sat rocking slightly and knitting his brows, while he pondered over my instructions—perhaps the important difference between dinner-coat and evening-dress shirt-studs. Then, too, in the early morning, he used to impress himself unpleasantly on my sleepy consciousness, as he sang his way up two long flights of stairs, staggering beneath the weight of my bath-water. His age was about twenty and he was, I can well believe, as gay a young Chinese bachelor as ever wielded a wicked chop-stick in a Hongkew tea-house.

One day I heard Chang singing loudly and tunelessly in his cubby-hole above my quarters. This was very unusual, for he never sang except when carrying heavy burdens, and that was only normal Chinese procedure; for the heavier the load the louder the tune. I wondered abstractedly why he was so suddenly and joyously taken with harmonic spasms.

The next afternoon, I discovered the cause. As I ascended the stairs, I heard a small squeak behind me. I turned and saw a pretty Chinese girl retreating hastily into Chang's quarters.

"Boy, come out here!" I shouted.

Chang made his appearance on the dead run, his face portraying fright.

"Who is that woman?" I asked sternly.

The expression of dismay faded completely from his sallow countenance. He smiled. "Oh—a! W'y, Mastar, dis b'long my waafe!"

"Your what? Your wife?"

"Yess! She come Ningpo-side. Firs' time I have see plentee month, mebbeso six."

"Well, Boy, that beats me. How long have you been married?"

"No savee."

"How long you catchum wife?"

"Oh, plentee dam' long time." Chang counted on his fingers and then held up eight yellow digits.

"Eight years, eh? You certainly have . . ." At this moment I was interrupted by a low but penetrating wail from the room above.

"My baby! My waafe bringum baby. Him top-side now. Makum cly. Long time ago, we have two oder baby—all die. No have got raace (rice) fo' oder baby. Oder two baby b'long girl baby, no heap dam' goodee." He was silent a moment, while he engaged himself in apparently cheerful retrospection. "Dis t'ree-time baby; he boy, velly stlong boy—no die. Plentee raace have got fo' dis baby."

As Chang moved away, there was a look of rapt happiness on his face. He was the father of a man-child. His cup of joy perilously neared overflowing.

Then, one noon-time, my Boy approached and casually said—"My waafe go home-side now, Ningpo. My fader velly sick. Badee Joss now in Ningpo. Plen—tee counteeless-mans (countrymen) die. Catchum hot; catchum cold—one, two day makum die."

"That sounds like penumonic plague, Chang. You shouldn't allow your wife to go down there."

"Maskee! Maskee! (It does not matter.) She mus' go. My fader velly sick."

Two or three weeks later Chang came into my room one forenoon, on his usual round of morning duties, and said quite casually:

"My fader die Ningpo; my waafe die."

"Why Boy, that is terrible! Both dead?" I looked at him closely, as he bent over to light the fire in the grate. I could discern no traces of grief.

"Maskee!" he said callously, and he went cheerfully on with his work. "My baby still have got. He plentee stlong! Velly goodee baby! He stop Ningpo-side wit' my moder."

The weather turned suddenly warm that month. One afternoon, we were all sitting listlessly, with the office-windows wide open, our work suffering under the narcotic of spring, when a queer, dreadful stench began to steal into the room.

The other men in the office, all old Shanghai residents, noticed the taint a moment later.

"What is it?" I asked.

"We'd better not tell you," somebody replied. "You'll get that smell for two hours—and the knowledge of what causes it might upset you."

They were right. The odour became heavier and heavier. Finally, I went to my rooms for some scented shaving-water, hoping that by sprinkling it about, I could check the evil smell.

When I got to my room, I found Chang standing on the balcony. I was surprised to see him, for he had been gone the entire week on a trip to Ningpo to superintend his father's re-interment in a permanent grave.

"Hello, Boy!" I said. "Welcome home!"

He made no reply. He did not even turn at the sound of my voice. His eyes appeared to be straining to pierce the floating afternoon mists that half-shadowed the yellow-watered Whangpoo.

Then, as I also looked out over the harbour, four barges slowly floated into view from around a distant bend. They seemed to be piled high with black boxes.

Chang fell to his knees and began muttering in Chinese. I grasped his shoulder. "What is it?" I asked him.

He looked at me blankly for a moment.

"Dose b'long coffin boat. Eveley two t'ree month, dey come down Shanghai; makee bury, an' . . . an' . . . Aieeee! Aieeee! . . . On dose boat b'long my fader! Maskee! An' my waafe—mebbeso maskee! But Mastar, Mastar, dose boat, dey also have got my—my plentee stlong baby!"

As I left the room and went downstairs again I heard him moaning and wailing over the only loss that is really mourned in China—the death of a man-child.

JAMES W. BENNETT.

THE POLITICS OF OIL.

I

OIL is just now one of the important subjects of diplomacy and may, unless public opinion is informed and awakened, become in the near future a fruitful source of international friction and ill-will, which may easily lead in a few years to another world-war.

The background of the present ominous situation lies in the effort, more or less successful, of British interests to secure exclusive concessions of oil-lands in all parts of the globe. Not that the industrial and political rulers of Great Britain are in any degree worse than those of other countries, nor are the British people, especially the working-classes, as distinguished from their rulers, in any way more selfish than other people. As an instance of the contrary, it may be noted that the programme of the powerful Independent Labour party in Britain calls for the pooling among all nations of all raw materials of which there is a shortage.

British maritime and commercial supremacy has been founded very largely on an abundant and cheap supply of coal, which has enabled Britain to maintain coaling-stations in all parts of the world, and to furnish an unfailing supply of bunker coal to all vessels stopping at her ports. Moreover, her large export-trade in coal has assured an outward-bound cargo to all vessels bringing bulky raw material to her ports, which has enabled the freight on such raw material to be cheaper than the freight to other countries where a return cargo was not assured. Consequently such raw material has always been cheaper for British industry than for the industry of other countries, and in this way, as well as by furnishing a cheap fuel, coal has helped to develop and maintain British industrial supremacy. But this proud edifice has been gravely threatened during recent years by a series of inventions which has made practicable the widespread use of oil-burning, high-powered motors.

This revolution in motive power has turned the scales in favour of the United States, which to-day

produces by far the largest proportion of the world's output of oil. In 1918 this country produced seventy per cent of the total supply and controlled an additional ten per cent through its control of oil-wells in Mexico. Within the British Empire, on the other hand, only some two per cent of the world's output is at present produced. A continuance of this state of affairs would inevitably mean that in the future not only would British commercial vessels sail the seas on suffrance from American producers of oil, but the British navy would either be largely at the mercy of the United States, or would have to be content with coal-burning engines and therefore with a smaller cruising radius than the oil-burning warships of other countries. Furthermore, the United States, possessing this vast supply of fuel, would soon be able to surpass Great Britain as a mercantile power. In all this, there obviously lies a dangerous threat to British supremacy on the seas, a threat which the rulers of Great Britain have energetically proceeded to meet by attempting to secure control of as many as possible of the remaining undeveloped oil-regions of the earth.

Despite its free-trade policy which was traditional prior to the war, the British Government has of late been giving every possible aid to its oil-men. This aid has taken the form of encouragement and financial support, exclusive monopolistic concessions, the prohibition of the exploitation and ownership by aliens of oil-lands under British control and vigorous diplomatic action to secure concessions for British companies and British subjects in lands over which some other country holds sovereignty.

The United States, on the other hand, has not until lately actively supported its oil-men in their efforts to secure foreign fields for exploitation. This is due partly to the fact that oil is much less vital to our national existence than it is to that of the British, and partly to the oppressive practices and general lawlessness of the Standard Oil Company, which has caused it to forfeit the sympathy and support of American public opinion. In fact, the Standard Oil Company's exploitation of the American consumer has been so flagrant that we have actually welcomed the competition of foreign producers and refiners within our borders, with the result that the United States remains to-day one of the very few oil-possessing countries which does not forbid aliens to own and develop oil-fields within its borders.

Let us now briefly examine the character and strength of the rival forces. The British oil-interests are closely intertwined in many ways. One of the oldest of British companies is the Burma Oil Company, which holds a monopoly of oil-exploitation in Burma. It is protected by a tariff in the Indian market and in return it is required to supply that market with certain petroleum products at fixed prices. Another powerful British organization is the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, formed under the ægis of the British Admiralty to take over extensive concessions of a monopolistic nature in Persia. These concessions run for sixty years from 1901. Two-thirds of the company's stock is owned by the British Government and one-third by the Burma Oil Company, so that for all practical purposes the Anglo-Persian Oil Company is the British Government. Of course the position of the company in Persia is a strong one owing to the fact

that the Persian Government is heavily in debt to Great Britain, and Persia is a weak country industrially and militarily. Under the Anglo-Persian Treaty of 1919 the independence and sovereignty of Persia was formally recognized by the British Government, but this recognition is only a form of words, for the Treaty foists upon Persia, British "advisers" for the Persian army, foreign affairs and finance. These "advisers" are for all practical purposes controllers, for needless to say no financial "adviser" will advise heavy taxes or royalties on oil or on the profits of oil-companies; no military "adviser" will suggest other than British officers to train and command the Persian army or other than British munition-makers to arm and equip it; while the "adviser" for foreign affairs will doubtless find many excellent reasons why oil or other mineral concessions should not be granted to other than British companies. The appointment of "advisers" and the giving of "advice"—or more accurately, orders—of this sort is of course in thorough accord with the well-known principles of financial imperialism, as practised by all the great commercial nations.

Undoubtedly the most important of all British oil-concerns is the Royal Dutch-Shell group and its subsidiary companies. This group is composed of the combined interests of the Royal Dutch Company, a Holland concern with a large production in the Dutch East Indies, and the Shell Trading and Transport Company, which is British. The interests of these two companies were amalgamated in 1907 into the Bataafsche Petroleum Company, which handles the producing end, and the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, which handles the transportation and distribution end. The Royal Dutch holds sixty per cent and the Shell forty per cent of the stock in both these companies. The Royal Dutch-Shell group, possessing as it does a splendid fleet of tankers, has agreements with both the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and the Burma Oil Company for the transportation of the product of these companies. The mutual desire to accommodate each other on these agreements doubtless goes a long way to make all these three groups practically a unity. The Royal Dutch-Shell group has also recently acquired from Lord Cowdray a controlling interest in the Mexican Eagle Petroleum Company, so that they are now the chief representatives in Mexico of British oil-interests. They have concessions also in South America, notably in Columbia and Venezuela; and they have at least two companies operating in the United States, one in California called the Shell Company of California, and the other in Oklahoma, called the Roxana Petroleum Company. They also have three refineries in this country, at San Francisco, East St. Louis, and New Orleans. Finally, they have fuel oil-stations dotted all over the world, except along the East Coast of the United States, at strategic places near most of the great oceanic steamship routes.

The British Government has often given open diplomatic support to the Royal Dutch-Shell group, despite the fact that the Royal Dutch Company, which is or was Dutch, not British-owned, is the dominant partner in the concern. This fact has led some people who are conversant with the situation to suppose that the British Government has acquired in some way a controlling interest in the Royal Dutch-Shell combination.

The war and events subsequent to it have greatly

strengthened British control over the future sources of supply for the world's needs. The war was not fought for oil, but oil has been an important part of the loot which the victors have divided up among themselves. Thus the British have strengthened their grip on the rich Persian oil-fields, and important additions to British oil-control have come from the mandated areas of Palestine and Mesopotamia. It will doubtless be remembered that simple-minded soldiers like General Maurice were greatly astonished at the fact that while the British army was fighting with its back to the wall on the Western front, the British Government should have sent out strong expeditions to Palestine and Mesopotamia. But the men at the head of affairs were not simple-minded soldiers; they doubtless wished to go to the Peace Conference with *un fait accompli* in the form of control already established over those rich oil-regions.

It is true, of course, that these regions are held by Britain as mandated territory and not as absolute possessions. It is also true that the League of Nations Covenant provides that mandated areas shall be governed in accordance with the interests of the inhabitants, but where oil is concerned, there is little likelihood of this provision receiving much attention. In fact, the British Government has already spend more than £70,000,000 in maintaining an army of over 100,000 men in Mesopotamia in order to keep the inhabitants from self-determination, so it is clear that under a mandate the extent to which the wishes of the inhabitants count is exactly nothing. In Palestine the Jews are attempting to set up a Jewish State under a British mandate, although the Jews constitute only about one-seventh of the population. To maintain their supremacy over the Arabs, the Jews must rely on British support, in return for which they will doubtless be very willing to grant exclusive oil-concessions to British citizens and companies.

In the struggle for oil the greatest triumph of British diplomacy was the achievement of the San Remo agreement with France, which was made public in June, 1920. France's immense colonial empire is very rich in oil, so that this agreement is quite a distinguished feather in the cap of British diplomacy. The essence of this agreement is that French and British interests are associated for the development of nearly all the unappropriated oil-regions of the Eastern hemisphere, and the two Governments are pledged to give their support to the joint efforts of their nationals to secure oil-concessions. Rumania, Galicia, Asia Minor (i. e., Mesopotamia and Palestine), the territories of the former Russian Empire, the French Colonies and the British Crown Colonies are all included, and the agreement may be extended to other countries by mutual consent. The proportion in which the French and British interests are united differs for different areas. Thus in Rumania the oil-interests confiscated from the Germans (or, more accurately, from the German capitalists connected with the Deutsche Bank and the Disconto Gesellschaft), as part of the loot of the war, are shared equally between French and British interests, and the same is true of all prospective concessions that may be obtained in Rumanian oil-lands.

In Mesopotamia the French are to get twenty-five per cent of the oil and of the shares of any private company that may be formed to develop it, the British will have the remaining seventy-five per

cent; while in the French Colonies the French are to have sixty-seven per cent of the interest. But even where the French supply fifty per cent or more of the capital, there is little doubt that the British will have actual control, for the French have practically no tank-ships to carry the oil, and are almost totally lacking in the necessary technical experience and equipment for oil-exploitation.

In the territories of the former Russian Empire, no percentage of division of interests is provided for, but the French and British Governments are to give their joint support to the joint efforts of their nationals to obtain petroleum-concessions in these territories. This, doubtless, means that every effort will be made to bring the Republics of Georgia and Azerbaijan, which control the oil of Baku, under the control of France and Britain, or to speak more accurately, of French and British exploiters. Conveniently enough, the alleged plight of Armenia, which is a neighbour of Georgia and Azerbaijan, can be used at any time as a moral or humane excuse for sending a military expedition to that region.

The part of the San Remo Agreement concerning Mesopotamia is of such special interest that it is worth quoting here in full:

The British Government undertakes to grant to the French Government or its nominee twenty-five per cent of the net output of crude oil at current market-rates, which His Majesty's Government may secure from the Mesopotamian oil-fields, in the event of their being developed by governmental action; or in the event of a private company being formed to develop the Mesopotamian oil-fields, the British Government will place at the disposal of the French Government a share of twenty-five per cent in such company. The price to be paid for such participation is to be no more than the price to be paid by the other participants in the said petroleum-company. It is also understood that the said petroleum-company shall be under permanent British control.

It is agreed that should the private petroleum-company be constituted as aforesaid, the native Government or other native interests shall be allowed, if they so desire, to participate up to a maximum of twenty per cent of the share capital of the said company. The French Government shall contribute one-half of the first ten per cent and the additional participation shall be provided by each party in proportion to its holdings.

It is clear that all this contemplates an exclusive development of Mesopotamian oil in one of the two ways mentioned, and it is thus of course directly contrary to the provisions in the Covenant that there shall be equal opportunity for the trade and commerce of all members of the League in mandated territory—yet another illustration of the bad faith of Governments.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS.

(To be concluded)

THE RELEASE OF THE SPIRIT.

IN these days when Mr. Wells is rewriting history by omitting it—a method which shows him to be comfortably orthodox—it would be a novel experience to have somebody undertake the task of reinterpreting history by simply disclosing it. The most disastrous event in the history of civilization since the collapse of the Roman Empire—I speak, of course, of the Industrial Revolution—has never been adequately treated. By those who are interested in political history, it has been ignored; and, as a result, subsequent political history has been muddled. By those who are interested in economic matters, it has been glorified; and subsequent social history has been distorted. It is time that somebody told us the whole truth concerning the

event, because by so doing he would explain the nineteenth-century fiction of progress, and most of our current troubles besides.

The details need not delay us, we have heard enough of them already. To believe that the mechanical achievements of the later years of the eighteenth century and thereafter are of small value would be foolish; but since no such belief is held, it would be equally foolish to waste time attacking it. It may be conceded that the work of Watt, Cartwright, Compton, Stevenson, Fulton, Morse, Bell, Edison, Wright, and of all the others is deserving of respect. What is of importance, however, is the effect which the work of these men has had upon our modern life. The first effect was a vast increase of economic goods or, what is the same thing, of material wealth. In itself this is not a curse that many would wish to shun, nor need it necessarily be a blight on civilization; nevertheless it has led to certain changes which in their total effect have been in the nature of a curse upon us all.

The first of these changes was one which most of our historians do not hesitate to mention, viz., the shift of power from the hereditary aristocracy to the financial aristocracy, the bourgeoisie. In the beginning, a man's wealth was supposed to be due to his own efforts, and was in part so due. This transfer of power was therefore supposed to be a liberalizing, a democratizing of life. Visions of a new freedom came to those who were successful, and pride in its achievement was widespread. People would read lurid tales of the unfortunate serf in the Middle Ages, or of the French aristocracy and its treatment of the "lower classes." They were wont to contrast the political power of the old nobility with the political power of the nobility of their own time and then proceed smugly to create the myth of progress. They shuddered at the thought of a serf being bound to the soil, and having to work all day in the open air and go home in the evening to a bare hut; but they were strangely undisturbed at the thought of a child of seven or eight working until eleven at night in the basement of a factory, and returning to work at four the following morning; and they were well content to have women hitched to carts to drag coal out of a mine. In fact, their attitude was similar to that of the charitable folk of our own time who shuddered at atrocities committed by the Germans and collected millions to relieve the suffering Belgians, but smile with approval upon the civilizing results of the Allied blockade of the Central Powers and of Russia, upon Merrie England's sport in India and Ireland and upon our own altruistic mission in Haiti.

The stagnation of our civilization was revealed by the fact that society still rested upon privilege, but its later deterioration is revealed by the source and position of privilege. Under the old regime, privilege was hereditary and secure, under the new it may be hereditary but it can not be secure. It had been born of a combination of shrewdness and exploitation, of rapacity and courage, of keen foresight and the gambler's spirit. It had grown to its estate by tireless attention to material ends. It could be preserved only by a continuation of the same close attention to the same idea. Under the old regime the possessor of privilege could preserve his aristocracy of manner, of thought, of spirit, delegate the charge of his material wealth

to an employee, and devote his time to art, letters, music, or whatever pleased him. He might even dabble in one of the arts himself like a Sir Philip Sidney, or he might be a magnificent patron like a Lorenzo; but in either case his attention was on things other than material. Of course he might be a tyrant or a voluptuary, but even then he would keep the aristocratic manner, so that at least the delicacies of intercourse were always preserved. But under the new regime in which we live, such cultural interests can be only incidental. They have been subordinated to problems of increased production, extended transportation, expanded credit. The possessor of privilege in these days must fight tenaciously to hold it. He is himself a part of the intricate machine he creates, a bigger wheel, one that turns more slowly, is more thoroughly oiled, and does not have to stand such wear and tear, but still a wheel in the machine and part of it. He may have a certain interest in art, but he has scant time for its study. He may buy pictures, but he does so in response to that acquisitive instinct which his commercial life produces. He accepts what is recognized, he rarely fosters what is struggling for recognition. His interest, consistently enough, is in the standard product.

The final tragedy of all this lies in the warping of our modern life which it has produced. These vast privileges and fortunes may at any moment be lost, which means that the time that might be spent upon worthy work by those who possess these fortunes, is spent in buttressing the structure. Thus, our whole system of education is wrecked in two ways. In the first place, it is subsidized and governed by men who firmly believe in the established system, so that even when they act with most unselfish devotion they only strengthen their position, for no man can retain his beliefs and yet assist in the upsetting of those beliefs. That is why it is so difficult if not impossible for an independent thinker to find any measure of support from the powers that be. In the second place, the need of men to perform the multitudinous tasks of the present economic system is endless. Quite naturally those who subsidize and control our universities look to these institutions to supply them with men who are trained to do the work that they seek to have done. The result is that our colleges and universities are more and more becoming exalted trade-schools. It is notorious that our Schools of Commerce are more highly regarded and more richly endowed than are our Schools of Philosophy. Accountancy and foreign trade have supplanted ethics and metaphysics, and business efficiency has effaced speculative thought. Standardization has set in and life has become a vast treadmill operated by men who have gone through a set form of mechanization.

It is easy for a defendant of the system to name a long list of physical improvements that have been accomplished, of conveniences, of luxuries produced; to cite statistics to prove that in this twentieth century plagues are less widespread and less virulent, and that the life of man has been prolonged. But against these physical improvements, conveniences, luxuries, can be set widespread nervous exhaustion, deadened capacity for enjoyment, an existence which, though it may be prolonged, is devitalized. The zest of life is gone, the flower has withered.

So life becomes unlivable, and the sooner we realize that grim fact, the sooner we shall understand such disturbances as bolshevism, labour-unrest and the like. They are but struggles—futile though they may be as yet—against economic oppression, which must be understood in its broadest sense; for though the immediate and conscious fight may be against privilege and inequalities of opportunity, it is actually the rebellion of man's soul against subjection to the economic activities of life. The spirit is everywhere seeking release. It is striving to subordinate the material to the position of servant, and to regain its lost position of master.

JOSEPH L. TYNAN.

THE AIMS OF BOLSHEVISM IN THE EAST: II.

ABOUT the origin and aims of the Bolshevik Third International very little authentic information has reached the outside world. All that I have heard on this matter indicates that when the new International was created, the Bolshevik leaders were not unduly optimistic about its chances of success. Obviously their purpose was to demonstrate that the Second International was dead and that the world proletariat needed a new instrument adequate to the aim of world-revolution. But even had they entertained a greater belief in the chances of the Third International than they did, the success that it has actually achieved must have come as a surprise even to the most sanguine among them.

The life of the Third International during the first few months of its career was very uncertain and its success quite moderate. The world of labour correctly judged it to be a demonstration against the weakness and failure of the Second International. Apart from the few Communist groups in different countries, no Socialist party ever seriously entertained the idea of joining the new organization; yet under the influence of Moscow the larger and more representative Socialist bodies began to criticize more vigorously the Second International. Some even broke away from the Second, refusing, however, at the time to join the Third. Thus for several months the Third International remained practically the Russian Communist party with the addition of a number of small and unimportant foreign Communist groups.

About a year ago the situation suddenly changed in a startling manner and the Third International became surprisingly popular. All sections of revolutionary socialism began to look towards Moscow. Very soon the revolutionary leaders of every nation began to cross the Russian frontiers, often at the risk of their lives, in order to learn the new gospel, to tell of the work of their organizations and to negotiate for entrance into the Communist International. The Moscow executive began to assume the leadership of the movement for world-revolution, passing judgment upon the work and methods of the others and directing their policy and tactics—at first rather modestly, but later with the arrogance of suddenly acquired power. Moscow's first great victory was the adhesion of the Italian Socialist party, which, to the surprise and joy of Communist Russia, fought the Italian elections, wearing as their badge the hammer and sickle of the Soviet Republic. Soon even the more moderate Socialist parties began to look towards Moscow with a more favourable eye. The majority section of the French Socialist party, the German Independent Socialists, and even the British Independent Labour party, opened negotiations with the executive of the Third International. The leaders in Moscow now confidently regarded themselves as the real leaders of the world proletariat, and as having behind them all the powerful and active sections of the socialist movement. Those socialists who remained outside the ranks of the Third International, Moscow regarded as the dupes of traitorous and bourgeois leaders, who would come over as soon as the revolution actually started.

Now came a flood of revolutionary labour-delegations to Moscow—British, French, Italian, German, Scandinavian, Chinese, Indian and many others. The streets of Moscow were covered with posters welcoming in all languages these representatives of international labour and hailing the dawn of world-revolution.

It was in this atmosphere of exaltation that the Congress of the Third International opened. The sight of the Congress in session and the number and distinction of the delegates attending, would have upset even well-balanced heads. The Bolshevik leaders were lifted off their feet by this striking demonstration of revolutionary solidarity and enthusiasm: the moment for world-revolution was surely at hand, the Red army that was then successfully repulsing the Polish invaders was to be the advance guard of the armies of the Revolution, while the Congress was to become the general staff which would direct these armies in their campaign for the liberation of the proletariat of the world!

The opening of the Congress was staged with great pomp and the delegates from the various countries were given a tremendous reception. The first session was opened with great solemnity at Petrograd, the Red capital of Revolutionary Russia. The delegates were then brought in special trains to Moscow, where an even more magnificent and enthusiastic reception awaited them. Four hundred thousand people formed an orderly procession and marched past the members of the Congress as they stood on a special platform erected in the historic Red Square in front of the Kremlin. It is not surprising that the splendour and promise of that international gathering inspired the masses with a new faith in the Revolution. Everybody gradually began to believe that the Congress was going to have a profound influence on the destiny of Russia. The Red army, too, was infected by the new atmosphere and by the propaganda of the delegates among the soldiers both in the cities and at the front. The army began to feel that its mission was something more than to repel the Polish aggressors, that it was in fact called upon to fulfil the great hope to which this momentous International Congress had given expression.

In this electric atmosphere, the news coming from the disturbed East following the new wave of revolution in Azerbaijan, became of extraordinary significance. For many months past, the Bolshevik leaders had been talking about the possibilities of revolution in the East, but they were never very optimistic about the chances of success. They had been clever enough not to repudiate too soon the wild designs and successes which had been attributed to them in some of the over-excited organs of public opinion in the West. But now, for the first time, the whole Eastern situation and particularly the state of affairs in the Caucasus and in Persia, gave colour to their belief that this general unrest in the East had placed a powerful weapon in their hands which they could use very effectively against their Western enemies.

At the moment when the Polish invasion was successfully repelled, and the Soviet Government was called upon to decide whether to end the war or to see it transformed into a great revolutionary crusade, the revolutionary atmosphere created by the proceedings of the Congress in Moscow became so heavily charged, and the reports of the revolutionary possibilities of the East became so alluring, that the Bolshevik leaders made the fatal decision to test with the bayonet the revolutionary readiness of the workers of Poland and through them of all Europe. Though the Polish Communists themselves warned Moscow that the workmen of Poland would never support a revolution which was brought about by the weapons of a foreign army, the Bolsheviks thought they knew better.

Another factor in the situation was this: that the commanders of the Red army were fascinated to such an extent by the tremendous task that lay before them, and by the great new purpose of the war they were conducting, that they permitted their military judgment to be overborne by the fanciful dream of liberating the proletariat of the world. Before this "revolutionary crusade" col-

lapsed, I met many Russians of great intelligence and sound judgment who had been aware all the time of the danger that was latent in the situation but yet had not dared to say a word to stop the mad enterprise. Following the debacle of the Red army at the gates of Warsaw, many of the military and civil leaders of the Bolsheviks admitted that they had been almost sure that disaster was unavoidable, yet the spell was so strong upon them that they had not the courage or even possibly the desire to introduce the disharmony of doubt and criticism. One of these leaders, on hearing the first news of the Polish counter-stroke, said in my presence that he felt almost glad that this dangerous campaign had been checked before it had led to vast and unimaginable complications.

Perhaps the most surprising element in the Polish campaign was the enthusiasm of the rank and file of the Red army. The revolutionary propaganda among the men had been extraordinarily successful; it gave point and impetus to their national hatred of the Poles and at the same time filled their minds with the intoxicating spirit of the International Congress. I have been told many times by different people about the overwhelming fervour with which these simple soldiers of the Red army, war-weary though they were, marched towards Warsaw. For the last twelve days of the advance, they achieved an average of thirty *vershs* a day. Badly shod, badly clothed, and badly fed, they pushed on, shouting: "You shall give us Warsaw!"

From a military standpoint, the mistakes that were made were inconceivable, but it is quite probable that the High Command was fully aware of them, yet found it impossible to conduct the campaign on proper lines with their men in such a fever of excitement. The Red artillery and supplies followed in thousands of slow-moving peasant-carts, as much as ten-days march behind the front-line troops. But still the armies pressed on. The semi-circle with which they tried to invest Warsaw became so broken that the divisions soon ceased to be in touch with one another; but still the march continued, for the High Command could not stop it so as to fill in the gaps. Even after the Poles had poured their troops between the right wing and the centre of the Red army, it was obvious that the advance on the extreme right still continued for several days.

One of the most intelligent of the Bolshevik leaders once said that a revolutionary attack against the capitalist world would be feasible and justified only under two conditions: "Either the revolutionary mood of the workers of Europe must become so strong that an attack on capitalism could be undertaken with the minimum of risk, or the situation of Soviet Russia must become so desperate that a revolutionary appeal to European workers could be attempted as a last resource."

The senseless attempt to transfer the war against Poland into a revolutionary war of liberation was obviously undertaken in accordance with the first part of this strange formula. The Bolshevik leaders had wholly mistaken the mood of the European proletariat. They believed that Europe was awaiting only a spark from the outside to be set aflame with revolution. It was a grotesque misjudgment and the Bolsheviks have paid the price. It is now safe to say that the leaders of Soviet Russia have so well learned this lesson that no attempt to bring about a world-revolution by bayonets will ever be made again.

But there is a real danger that Revolutionary Russia may be driven to another and more devastating adventure through sheer desperation. The Bolsheviks are now ready and eager for peace, but if peace does not come quickly, it is becoming more and more evident that Russia will not stand idly waiting while vacillating European statesmanship learns that it is criminal folly to continue intervention experiments in Russia. The Bolsheviks are a very active set of people. If Russia is driven to desperation they will not let her sink without a fight, and in the East they see a great opportunity to hit back at their enemies and to hit hard.

MICHAEL FARBERMAN.

REFLECTIONS AND CONJECTURES.

THERE is nothing which betrays mediocrity of thought more clearly than an abuse of the sense of humour, the elevation of it into a criterion. The quiet, humorous pronouncement, so telling in certain circles, is in the world of ideas the ultimate piece of *gaucherie*. When one remembers with what deadly moderation of phrase the misguided ideas of Copernicus, Darwin and how many others were once condemned. . . . Well, the philosophers themselves, who are not given to laughing, can in these cases laugh last. Moral: one should have a second sense of humour to apply to one's sense of humour.

It is easy to understand why the Brahmins in all times have been a caste, and the most superior of them all. Every intellectual man has a profound conviction of his superiority to the average sensual man; and this sense of superiority arises from his unique attitude to himself—one means to his passions. The mind of the intellectual is so securely on the top of his passions, that sometimes it reaches the stage when it sterilizes them altogether and regards them as things naïve and laughable. But around him the Brahmin sees nothing but the people who are altogether under the thumb of their passions, people who are their very embodiment. Even when these possess the greatest powers of expression, even when they are poets, they will appear to him naïve.

THE two sides. Woman: A young man, and to waste his time among books! What a misdirection of energy! Philosopher: A thinker, and he squanders his powers in the enjoyments of passion! What a waste of thought.

THE question whether the cultivation of the mind brings happiness or misery is the idlest in the world, for this reason: that the mere consideration of the object of education disposes of it. For the truth is that we train the mind in order to gain mastery over life, and in the attainment of—or rather in the struggle to attain—that object, a form of happiness is found, perhaps the only stable form of happiness. The whole question appears then so infinitely remote as to be unreal. It is a question indeed, only to those whose culture is passive, those who have "culture without the disposition," to use the phrase of Leonardo; those, in short, who know neither the means nor the end of education, and whose culture is simply an irrelevancy, a burden. Men who are always busy intellectually are never troubled by it. Thus, it is not fundamentally a problem of culture at all, but a problem of human nature; for the habit of assessing happiness and misery is one common to all those, cultured and uncultured, whose attitude to life is passive. These are the registers of events, both those they suffer and those they accomplish; registers warped, however, by the fact that things borne passively have always in them a little of the bitterness of constraint, and are by no means felt impartially. Grief and happiness are alike *endured* by the passive, and have alike therefore the complexion of evils. But all action, however ignorant, is an attempt to establish mastery over phenomena; that is, to make something of them, to bend them to the human will. And if the question of happiness has been raised in connexion with knowledge chiefly, that is because there it can be expressed in the grandest terms; for where the ignorant are crushed only by their personal experiences, the savant is annihilated beneath the suffering of universal history and thought. Nevertheless, the disposition to assess is anterior to the acquirement of culture.

SOMETIMES perfectly commonplace people are made interesting by having a repression: it adds mystery where everything before was all too simple. He has a wonderful temperament? Take away his repressions and see how much of it is left.

I HAD offended him knowingly, and he was not angry, but, to my discomfiture, perfectly magnanimous and kind.

"Are you quite well?" I asked him. Even at this time of day to be really virtuous is to be suspected of a *double entente*.

A REASONABLE man restrains his anger because he sees it is of no utility. The passionate man, however, thinks he restrains it in order to wound his opponent more. All good qualities are subject to suspicion. We look for the littleness which they conceal.

FOR some time in the nineteenth century it was fashionable to talk of life as a sickness, and to look upon art as the remedy. But it is clear that there is no remedy for life; for the remedy—that, too, is life. Yet the remark that art is the remedy for life must be repeated at least a thousand times every year.

THE greatest danger to freedom lies not in the existence of men of despotic personality, but in that of men with no personality at all. These will gladly permit freedom to be abolished; they simply do not know what is happening, they are perfectly unconscious of any wrong. The dominating man at least knows within himself what the emotion of liberty is; and it is not entirely impossible to make him respond to the call of common liberty. But the others. . . . Freedom and slavery are only names to them and will never be anything else.

THE claim of the realists that they have succeeded in extracting beauty from squalor is still to be established. A very little strictness in analysis would show that—to take a modern example—what is beautiful in Mr. James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" can with great ease be separated from what is merely ugly. The elements exist quite separately in this work, so that when we pass from the one to the other, we are so surprised that we experience a conscious shock. And the same in spite of Flaubert's style—can be said of "Madame Bovary." The astonishing beauty—astonishing, indeed—which is sometimes attained, is the beauty of art, and of traditional art. The naturalistic theory, on the other hand, is responsible for all the ugliness; for whatever in the book is not successful.

It is strange that people can still be found who doubt that thought has a great effect on men's physiognomies and movements. You can tell simply by looking at them whether a company of men are consulting about some important matter or merely gossiping. In the former case the expression on their faces, and their very arms, legs and shoulders will be full of dignity. A psychologist should also be able to discern whether the subject of the consultation is of universal or only of private import; and whether it is philosophical or practical. There is one difficult problem, however. It is almost impossible to distinguish a discussion on politics from one on religion: in both, men lose their temper in exactly the same way.

EDWIN MUIR.

POETRY.

THE CROWS.

God walks the field of heaven,
And sows the stars for seed.
The crows of darkness follow.
Who has need of light,
(Every man has need)
Let him curse the crows
Seven times on seven!
They have robbed the rows
Of the field of heaven,
Hiding under night—
Robbed the purple hollow
And the shining height.
Who has need of light,
(Every man has need)
Let him curse the crows
Seven times on seven!

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

MISCELLANY.

As I peruse the morning paper, odds and ends of memory nibble at odds and ends of news. For instance, I read that the carpets of the Hotel Crillon were frayed out by the hobnailed boots of the doughboys who stood guard over the valued persons of our American Peace-Commissioners; and I remember that among my acquaintances there is a man who was a civilian before the war, and a civilian again afterwards, as soon as he could contrive his discharge—a man who loathes militarism and the whole military system, but who has nevertheless confessed to me that now, upon occasion, he is home-sick for the life of the army. He himself does not know the cause of this queer distemper, and I am not quite sure that I do either; but this story of the de-carpeting of the Crillon throws out a sort of hint.

In France, armour-plated shoes came to everybody without the asking, like beans and "corn-willie" and the winter rains. Some one (who had never seen the Crillon) had decided that an iron-studded boot was the proper foot-gear for an army that was in France to fight and to wander around generally in the open country; but hundreds of thousands of the men shipped overseas never did any fighting, and many of them did very little marching, nevertheless the clerks and orderlies at Tours and Bordeaux, and the machine-gunners in the Argonne were all shod alike, to the great destruction of the polished and carpeted floors in the headquarters-towns and in the leave-areas overrun by our young incorrigibles. This is fairly typical of "the way they have in the army." It was nobody's business what effect the wearing of these shoes might have in any particular case; the natural thing for the men to do was to take them and wear them out, and then get some more. Other articles of clothing, as well as provender and quarters, were given and received in the same automatic fashion, and it was pretty much the same with provision for dependents, and with personal care in case of sickness or injury. Not only were the soldiers nurtured like the lilies of the field, and thus relieved of all responsibility for the procurement of the means of subsistence and of all discretion as to their choice, but the structure of personal conduct erected upon this material foundation was just as monotonously regular as the material things themselves. The doughboys were called upon to perform every sort of task, from useless military "busy-work" to exploits of great danger, but it was seldom indeed that a soldier had an opportunity to *decide* for himself upon the performance of any task, or on the manner of its execution.

For the average soldier, the business of embarking for service overseas was carried through with less expenditure of mental energy than is ordinarily required for the selection of a pair of theatre-tickets. Every event moved forward with a minimum of cerebration, and the conversation of the men was devoted not so much to discussions of what they themselves were going to do, as to the retailing of rumours as to what the "higher-ups" were going to do with them. The provisioning and the regulating of their lives set them free from most of the ordinary cares of life, but it would be difficult indeed to show that any good use was made of this mental emancipation. In war-time, there was excuse enough for the indifference of the rank and file to all problems of general human interest, since the life-and-death decisions which lay beyond their control naturally tempted them to play with rumour and guess-work. But this is hardly true of conditions in military circles in time of peace; here the removal of all ordinary responsibilities seems to create a complete vacuum, within which nothing ever really happens.

THIS, of course, is no argument for a civilian state of life in which the mind of the individual is constantly harassed by matters of no general significance. The soldier who stands in the mess-line and takes whatever food the

company-cook offers, may conceivably be more free than the harried civilian who hunts out the cheapest restaurant in his neighbourhood and then chooses his repast, not from the menu proper, but from the price-list. Mental atrophy in the one case is matched by mental dissipation in the other, and in the long run the result is doubtless pretty much the same. I feel then that my ex-army friend may thus be excused if he occasionally feels a twinge of home-sickness for the easy irresponsibility of the military life. He has tried to live in New York City on twenty dollars a week, and he knows that the mental activity which accompanies this little exercise has nothing to do with the free development of individuality. He believes that a man must have something to stand on if he is going to move the world; what he really wants is security without stagnation. The military system does not produce this result; it gives a man an economic foundation, and puts him to sleep on top of it. Self-dependence in an exploited society does not usually produce the desired result either, it keeps most men working always under-ground. It seems only decent that a man should do something to earn his living, and moreover the doing of it keeps him in an active frame of mind; but it seems only fair that he should get a living without having to do too much, for only thus can he be left free to live the life he has bought and paid for.

In Madrid there is a king; in Rome another one. Once upon a time the king in Madrid purposed in his heart to descend upon the king in Rome, and visit him; but suddenly the heart of the Spanish king was hardened so that he decided to stay at home; and this is how it happened. Not so long ago, travellers in the sunny land of Italy might have seen there certain great estates which belonged to the Duke of Bivona, a vassal of the king at Madrid. Any traveller who came upon the scene at exactly the right moment, might have seen the Duke himself, entirely surrounded by pitchforks, in the act of ceding his land to his peasants. As soon as this job was done, the peasants went back to work, and the Duke went back to Madrid with the story of his troubles. The king in Madrid was the Duke's friend, and he wrote therefore to the king in Rome and asked him to call off the peasants. The king in Rome was a little bit skittish about taking chances with the pitchforks; up to date, he has not done so; and the king in Madrid sits sulking in his tent at home.

THUS runs the argument, and in this fashion a truth that may sometimes stand forth where monarchs are involved, is completely obscured in a republic. The Americans who have been kicking up all the fuss about confiscations in Mexico are individual human beings like this Spanish duke who was bounced out of his castle in Sicily. The people to whom the outraged investors make their appeal are individual human beings too, like the home-staying king in Madrid; but what comes next is something different. Instead of breaking off a dinner-engagement with General Obregon, our revered President begins to talk in metaphysical terms about the interests of the nation, and before we know it we are all buying bonds or pushing bayonets in a cause that concerns 99¾ per cent of us, as individual human beings, no more than this little jacquerie in Sicily. The squabble between the peasants and the duke, and the quarrel of the two kings, are things we can understand. We might even rationalize a situation in which one of the interested parties went out with his friends to clean up the other one for good and all. But the thing that passes comprehension and transcends reason is the disinterestedness of a man who drinks off a bumper of metaphysical nationalism, and then goes forth to make vicarious atonement, upon some foreign battlefield, for the bad guesses of an oil-monopolist whom he has never seen.

Good patriots among our midst, hearing the story of Alphonse of Spain and Gaston of Italy, will rise up in the synagogue and give thanks that we have no such foolish-

ness here in America. The whole affair is so obviously private and personal, y' see; first, a fracas between some Italian peasants and a Spanish nobleman, then a tiff between two kings. This kind of thing may be all right in the mediæval South of Europe, but in the United States we do not allow our King-President to mix into things this way, personally. *He* does not quarrel with other rulers, or eat his dinner by himself when he gets good and angry. In fact there is nothing personal in anything he does; if he speaks or acts, it is America that demands the respectful attention of the world.

JOURNEYMAN.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

PICTURES FROM ITALY.

SIRS: Belated American newspapers tell me that Italy is at peace, that the currents of life flow normally, that the will to revolution—if, indeed, it ever existed—has succumbed to the will to bulwark and make permanent Signor Giolitti's Government. "Special correspondents" who confine their investigations to interviews with guests at the American Ambassador's teas, to hurried automobile tours through the countryside, to brief sojourns in the tourist hotels of the principal cities, may perhaps honestly arrive at such conclusions, but they forget or they do not know that there are two Italies, an Italy of the tourists and the profiteers, and an Italy of the workers. To see this latter, which is the true Italy, one needs only to be in an economic fix half as bad as the workers. A living, growing, unforgettable passion of anger, hatred and revenge against those who made the war and reaped vast profits out of it lives in the hearts of the working-class of Italy, and they are blind and deaf who see in Signor Giolitti's financial juggling or in his troops the means towards the extinguishing of these fires.

The cities of Italy are full of the Government's soldiery. Working-class meetings are rimmed round with soldiers and police on horseback and afoot. At the door of every socialist club, of every working-class newspaper-office, of the homes of the Communist Deputies, Signor Giolitti's detectives are always on guard, watching, filling their notebooks, occasionally arresting whomsoever they may suspect. I have come to believe that on the whole it makes for the right understanding of things to be a little hungry, a little harassed by detectives, to flee the hoofs of the mounted police, to be told to-day that the man one talked with yesterday has been whisked to an ancient jail in Naples, or has fled, one jump ahead of the police. Thus the other day I met Signor Peluso in the Roman office of *Avanti!* He confessed to a certain nostalgia for the United States, and talked with relish of his years in California, of his work on the New York *Call*, and of his experiences with Lenin and Lunacharsky in Switzerland. Bordiga, he assured me, is the man of the future, an efficiency engineer with great organizing capabilities who works a great deal more than he tells and under whose leadership the Communists will win to victory. Next day Peluso was called to the army, and now he is in the Castle St. Elmo, Naples's ancient prison.

During the last few months, refugees from Admiral Horthy's reign of terror in Hungary have been trickling across the border so that now there are 500 or more in Italy. Fifty of them have been clapped into jail, and are marked for re-patriation and Horthy's firing squads. Last week I met one of them, a youngster of twenty, an ex-private in Bela Kun's army. He was shabby and wet through with the rain; his long, slim face, under an absurd Chaplinesque hat, was white and lined. He had been in one of Horthy's jails for six months. "They beat me one day for being a Bolshevik," he explained, and he could smile about it—"and the next day they beat me because I was a Jew!" He was going North, he told me, to work in a factory for fifty cents a day.

Early Christians are these Communists of Italy and Central Europe, so sure are they of the god they worship, so sure are they that they will inherit the earth,

so ignorant are they of regret. Against their iron certainty, their asceticism, and the drab cruelties that are their reward, one instinctively throws up one's guard. As I write, I am reminded, for some reason of obscure association, of an old anarchist whom I met the other day in Naples. He had learned his English during ten years' residence in the slums of London. He is a shrivelled little tailor and as we talked together he sat hunched over his table in a poor one-room apartment in a working-class alley. The arched walls were of stone as was the floor, and the harsh light of a single, unshaded electric bulb covered him and filled the corners with great shadows. He talked of revolution, of the age-old passive servitude of Napoli's prisoners of hunger. He had been in many jails and would be in more, perhaps, but finally, he was sure, the new world would come with freedom and joy and cleanliness. To gain that world, the illiterate Neapolitan mob, he prophesied, would wade through a river of blood. He talked less of problems of organization and immediate methods than of fair philosophical concepts of time and space and truth. As I listened it became a chant: an old priest saying sacred words, holding to splendid dreams in his deep defeat. Presently in the alley a boy's shrill voice was lifted high in an old song. The tailor could not talk against it, and his daughter opened the shop doors to peer out. "*Taci*," she said mildly, "Hold thy tongue. Thy singing disturbs the father." Then she turned to us and said pityingly, "He was so ragged, and barefoot and lonely." The old man made an eloquent gesture of despair. "So are our people of Napoli," he said. "The sun is good to them. They need so little. But in the North one must win a bed and clothes, or die of the cold, and in that struggle the survivors have learned of life, and the need for freedom."

Here in Rome the other day, a mob of eight thousand people massed before the Coliseum crying "*Viva pane!*" At the behest of the Socialist, Anarchist and Syndicalist organizations, these workers had left their jobs at three in the afternoon and had come to the Casa del Popolo, just a square or so away from the Palatine hill, to protest against the raising of the price of bread. The Government, staggering under its milliards of deficit—the same burden, but greater, that overwhelmed Signor Nitti a few months ago—was seeking to increase the price to something approximating its actual cost. The Casa del Popolo was too small for the crowd that gathered there and the meeting was adjourned to the open air, on the terraced ruins of the palace of an ancient Roman Emperor. Moss-grown walls were draped with yard upon yard of crimson silk. Fifteen feet above the heads of the mass of humanity that spread in a great fan down the slope, the speakers stood. Back of them on a still higher terrace, an evenly spaced row of tall and slender evergreens rose against a grey sky.

Several deputies spoke, explaining the fight in Parliament. Presently the crowd began to cry the name of Malatesta, the anarchist leader who is in jail, and then more insistently for Abbo. Deputy Abbo, a lean young peasant with a bitter tongue, promised the land to the peasants' co-operatives, the factories to the workers. With dusk, the mob—a ragged mob, patched and illy clad—poured into the wide street that skirts the Coliseum, and as they went, filling the street from wall to wall, they sang the "*Internationale*." Three blocks away at the top of a slanting street a company of mounted royal guards was massed. Suddenly they charged at a thundering gallop. The mob vanished before them. Men fled, bent almost double, as from a monstrous storm. Up and down the street iron shutters banged over shop and café windows. Then soldiers appeared from everywhere as by magic, their bayonets gleaming. The cavalry clattered back and forth . . .

After all, as I said before, it is good for one's understanding to be a little hungry, a little harassed by detectives, and to flee the hoofs of the mounted police. I am, etc.,
Rome, Italy.

NORMAN H. MATSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A LITTLE PROBLEM IN JURISPRUDENCE.

SIRS: Assuming for a moment that "even-handed justice" does exist in the United States, I should like in the light of that assumption to propound a small query. It was not so very long ago that a young girl from New York's east side was sentenced to twenty years of penal servitude for publicly agitating the idea of peace with Russia. What, then, under the generally accepted Pooh-Bahian principle of comparative equity, would be the proper kind and amount of punishment that ought under any decent interpretation of "even-handed justice" to be meted out to an Admiral of the United States Navy who publicly agitates the idea of war with Great Britain? Will our new Attorney-General or some other distinguished "even-hander" please answer? I am, etc.,
Wyoming, New York.

WALDO R. BROWNE.

FREEDING THE ENGINEER.

SIRS: I pick a quarrel with your editorial position, as outlined in the article called "The Way of the Engineer" in the *Freeman* for 9 March. The quarrel is fundamental. I disagree with the logic of your tactics towards the creation of a better world.

With the virtue of the engineering spirit, with the need for the freeing of this spirit on every hand and for the injection of it into every avenue of our affairs, I can of course find no quarrel. It is good for the I. W. W., as it would be good for American business, or for any known activity of life, to investigate and adopt the principles and practices of engineering. These principles and practices unquestionably are to save the world, if the world is to be saved.

Yet, in the face of the present situation, with the control of the engineering function itself in the hands of the vested political power of special privilege, I can not follow you when you counsel the abandonment of all political tactics and the resort to purely economic means of bringing about a free society. It does not seem to me that this counsel is good engineering. It is not based on fact and logic.

How is engineering ever to be free to accomplish its righteous purposes? Is not the first job to break down the control of special privilege over the economic life of the world? Can this be done surreptitiously, as it were, while special privilege, through political power, dominates every activity of our economic life? Can it be accomplished at all save in the field of politics, by overturning the power which automatically renders negative any effort that engineering may make to place the public welfare above the interest of special privilege?

I mean quite plainly, is not political revolution the first step towards engineering freedom? Is this not becoming plainer with astonishing rapidity, as the portentous days of economic error go by? Is anything being solved by the powers that be? Then is there any solution but first to place in power those forces which desire a solution?

Strangely enough, you prove the case in your own editorial. Your final paragraph instances Lenin, and Lenin alone, as the best living exponent of engineering freedom. He is the illustration your mind naturally turns to. But how did Lenin reach the point where he could free the spirit of engineering? Did he not first ride to power on the wave of political revolution? Is not his present political power the sole foundation on which engineering freedom may be reared in Russia? Would Lenin, an exile in Switzerland, writing economic treatises for obscure radical publications, have brought engineering freedom to Russia? Did engineering freedom show any signs of appearing in Russia without Lenin? Would it continue to live and thrive in Russia were Lenin and his regime to fall before the Allies and the counter-revolutionists—that is, before those forces which are the very forces that confront us in political power in our own land? I am, etc.,
Searsport, Maine.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

THE FUTURE OF THE WOMAN'S PARTY.

SIRS: A week or two ago the militant suffragists of America gathered together in Washington to celebrate their victory, and during a brief convention they contended among themselves for a new programme of future action, and to their credit it must be recorded that they fought without rancour and like good sports. Stand-patters and insurgents alike freely admit that it was Miss Alice Paul who led the militants to victory, but there are some it seems who are now accusing her of pulling the strings, of steam-rolling the Convention and such-like high crimes and misdemeanours.

As an interested observer I should like to record my views on this matter. First concerning Miss Paul herself, on whose steadfast sincerity neither faction casts the slightest doubt. If you want a motion-picture of the real honest-to-God fanatic of all ages before and after Jeanne d'Arc, Alice Paul is that. She is a birthright Quaker, but not all birthright Quakers are spiritual descendants of George Fox. Alice Paul is. Like the apostles of all vital movements she has said: "This one thing I do"—and she did it. Through the years of the great war when the nation was facing a vast complexity of problems, she steered her movement forward straight for the goal, keeping her mind absolutely sterile from the infection of the germs of other causes. Now that the victory is won, her militant followers are impatiently asking: "Where do we go from here?"

The women of settled, comfortable positions and convictions are quite satisfied with things as they are. For them the fight is over. But the women who are still knocking up against the world want to go on slaying giants—armaments, the disfranchisement of Negro women, economic and industrial tyranny. On the floor of the Convention they virtually demanded that Miss Paul should lead them in some new attack. But in spite of their appeal to "forward, march" again, the Convention voted to mark time, for no other reason than that Miss Paul has come to a place where she must mark time. The defeated insurgents are declaring that they have been steam-rolled. They hear the noise of battle ahead and they are burning for the fray, but it is leadership they lack. The elements that go to make leadership are as intangible as those that make lightning. In other times the chief element was called faith, and it was said that those having it might say to the mountains, "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea, and it shall be done."

For eight strenuous years—"in labours more abundant, . . . in prisons more frequent, . . . in journeyings often, in perils from the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often . . ."—impelled by the force of her faith, Alice Paul pushed on to final achievement. The insurgents must either wait till she is ready again or they must look for new leadership. The kind of leadership they have had hitherto has been the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual force; let them understand before it is too late that it can not be had the other way round. I am, etc.,

New York City.

JEAN ALLISON.

THE INEXACTITUDES OF MR. HOOVER.

SIRS: It is satisfactory to note that the ambiguous attitude of the American Relief Administration towards the question of sending food and medicines to the children of Soviet Russia has been clarified in a recently published correspondence between Dr. Judah L. Magnes and the office of the Relief Administration. In reply to Dr. Magnes's first letter, Mr. Perrin C. Galpin, acting secretary to Mr. Hoover, stated that the organization is awaiting assurances from the Soviet Government that relief-workers will be protected and that supplies will be freely and impartially distributed. In reply to Dr. Magnes's inquiry as to when these assurances were sought and what was the nature of the reply, Mr. Galpin answered by throwing the burden of responsibility entirely upon the State Department. In a third letter, addressed to Mr. Hoover, Dr. Magnes called attention to the fact that the withholding of relief from Russia had been ascribed to the failure of the American Relief Administration to establish a workable understanding with the Soviet Government, to which Mr. Hoover replied:

I do not believe there is any place in the world where the suffering of children is greater than in Bolshevik Russia, due, in fact, to Bolshevism itself.

I would say generally: first, that I shall not ask the American people for charity towards Bolshevik Russia until complete American supervision can be established upon the same terms as we act everywhere else in the world; second, that the organization I direct will not jeopardize Americans by establishing them in Russia as long as Americans are held prisoners without cause.

Finally, I would call your attention to the fact established by the State Department that, as far as the United States is concerned, nothing prevents the Bolshevik Government from devoting their gold to the purchase of American milk for their children in preference to distributing it abroad to delude the world and create bloodshed.

It is interesting to observe that in thus ascribing the suffering of Russian children primarily to "Bolshevism itself," as distinguished from war, blockade and subsidized counter-revolution, Mr. Hoover disagrees with the conclusions of one of his own agents, Mr. Walker, who visited Soviet Russia last summer. In a public speech recently Mr. Walker said:

I found that in Soviet Russia they have one slogan which no other country has ever adopted, however much we have tried to encourage it in Central Europe. It was 'the children first.' Since the children come first in the food-supply, their supply is always regular. It has never missed. I talked to the mothers, to the cooks of the kitchen, to the Commissary in care of the children, and to the people on the street, and that one supplementary meal has always been regular under the Bolshevik Government.

Touching Mr. Hoover's desire for "complete American supervision" of relief-work, it may be observed that this point has not always been so jealously insisted upon. A pamphlet published in Helsingfors, and signed by three members of the Yudenitch Government, states that quantities of flour sent by the American Relief Association to Esthonia had been seized and sold at speculative prices in order to raise money to pay Yudenitch's mercenary troops.

In regard to Mr. Hoover's "unwillingness to jeopardize Americans by establishing them in Russia" as relief-agents, it is of course true that several American citizens have been arrested in Russia, justly or unjustly, for alleged offences against the laws of Soviet Russia. It is also true that a much larger number of Russian citizens residing in this country have been arrested, imprisoned, beaten up and deported as a result of the activities of our Department of Justice.

All that can be said of the concluding statement of Mr. Hoover's letter, is that it is unreservedly false. The Bolshevik Government is not able with its gold to purchase milk in this country for the starving children of Russia for the reason that the United States Mint has consistently refused to assay and accept the gold which once belonged to the former Russian Government, even when it is transmitted from another country.

In brief, the policy of the American Relief Administration, as indicated in the foregoing correspondence, is one of evasive but systematic discrimination against the suffering children of Soviet Russia. I am, etc.,
New York City.

MARK PRESCOTT.

RADICALISM IN MEXICO.

SIRS: A certain section of our press is doing its best to create in the minds of the American people the fear that a Red Republic is arising to the south of us. The hand of Lenin, it is hinted, was clearly visible in the recent stevedores' strike at Vera Cruz and in the reported seizure of the mines by the workers in certain parts of Mexico, as well as in the ambitious programme of the Socialists in Yucatan. Mexico going bolshevik and its Government apparently doing nothing to stem the tide—that is the picture that is painted for us in lurid colours. Is it not high time, therefore, for a "strong stand" on the part of the United States, especially when Mexican prosperity might be so easily attained merely by following the suggestion recently put forth by one of the representatives of a certain oil-company: "The best way to block bolshevism is to overthrow the Carranza policies and destroy the bolshevik precedent they established"? The potency of this advice, by the way, may be gauged by the seventy-two per cent increase in Mexican oil-exports during the first six months of 1920 as compared with the same period a year ago.

I do not deny that radicalism of a sort exists and even flourishes in Mexico. During my recent two months' visit to Mexico City, I was constantly aware of the fact that the thoughts of the Mexican Government are not the thoughts of our Government, nor are their ways our ways. Thus, one Sunday during my stay in the Mexican capital, a workers' delegation, bearing a petition concerning the land-laws and the labour-sections of the Constitution, entered the National Palace and waved their red and black flags from the President's balcony! But there were no spectacular arrests, no police clubbings and no raids such as our own liberty-loving citizens have learned to expect when they indulge in the luxury of a little free speech.

Of course a certain type of American is likely to be shocked by the fact that both the Minister of War under de la Huerta and his Chief of Police in the Federal District, Mr. Ramirez Garrido, have definitely refused to lend soldiers and policemen to break strikes, basing their refusal on the ground that this is not the function of the army or of the police. Mr. Garrido is one of the most widely-known Socialists—and feminists—in the country, but neither he nor Mr. Celestino Gasca, then Governor of the District—who is also, no doubt, more or less open to suspicion, since he is a mechanic and labour-leader—has ever done anything that a person with sound nerves might consider even moderately revolutionary.

Governor Gasca and his Chief of Police, however, were doing their best to deal with one of the saddest consequences of the shattering of Mexico's social system—the thousands of home-

less children who sleep every night in the streets of Mexico City. When first you drive at nightfall along the magnificent boulevards of the capital, your astonished eye is attracted by what appear to be horrible collections of rags lying here and there along the sidewalk, but if you stop to look more closely, you will find ten or perhaps twenty children lying there heaped together for warmth. There are said to be from 8000 to 15,000 of these unfortunate little waifs in Mexico City. The Government is to build dormitories for them in different sections of the city, but so far only one institution has been secured.

As for Mexican labour, during my visit it seemed to be engaged principally in winning strikes in the mining and textile States, on the railways, and in the factories in Mexico City. The left wing of the Mexican labour-movement, which takes its colour from Spanish syndicalism, advocates industrial organization, direct action, and recognition of the Third International. It is, however, very much in the minority: the greater part of organized labour belongs to the *Confederacion Regional Obrera* which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labour, and whose programme runs true to the American model. Industrially, Mexico is still in its infancy; the vast millions of its population are still agrarian workers.

Much has been made in the American press of the alleged growth of radicalism in Yucatan. Ninety per cent of the Indians there are said to carry a "red card" which is conspicuously inscribed, *Tierra Y Libertad*—Land and Liberty—surely not a very surprising or extreme demand in a country where land-monopoly has reached a stage without precedent in history. In this connexion it may be recorded that M. Fernando Gonzalez Roa, one of the most reliable authorities on the subject, writing in 1916, gave the average extent of the *haciendas* as eighty square kilometres, and he quotes instances of single estates covering as much as 419,000 acres. According to the census of 1910—no reliable statistics have been compiled since then—the number of peons working on privately-owned estates in Mexico was 3,130,400, who, together with the women and children dependent upon them, made up a population of not less than ten millions of human beings, all of whom for the most part, were living in a condition of abject serfdom. General Alvarado has told me incredible stories of the brutalities practised upon the agricultural workers in Yucatan when he first went to serve as Governor there in 1915. Many of these helpless slaves were kept constantly in irons and beaten with indescribable cruelty if their daily output was not sustained at an impossibly high level. The wretched aspect of the Indian villages lining the course of the railway in the journey down to Mexico City, the gaunt, half-starved creatures who hungrily pick over the remains of food tossed from the train-window, are proof enough, if any were needed, that the Mexican peon is still an unhappy victim of an inhuman social system despite the ten years of revolution waged ostensibly in his behalf.

Mexicans are very fond of comparing their Revolution with that of Russia, and pride themselves on having effected a vast social change with far less bloodshed than occurred in Russia, but the truth is that no great transformation has yet taken place in Mexico. The agrarian problem is still unsettled, no essential industries have been nationalized, all the railways are, in course of time, to be returned to their private owners.

One need not, however, be versed in the orthodoxy of Marxism to become a critic of existing social conditions in Mexico. The country is still partly dominated by a ruling class, most of whom are convinced of the basic inferiority of the Indian race. The hope for Mexico, I was told by leading citizens, is to breed out the Indian stock through the immigration of superior white peoples. This is no new belief. The early Spaniards alleged that the Indians were satyrs or apes, not men at all; and when Gregorio Lopez, an ancient Spanish commander, saw them reading the masterpieces of Greek and Latin, he wrote to the King of Spain beseeching him to forbid the education of the Indians on the ground that they were possessed of the devil. It took a papal decree of Pope Paul III to give the Indian a soul, but the tradition dies hard that he is destined to be the servant of the white man, despite the fact that Mexico's two great executives, Juarez and Diaz, were both pure-blooded Indians.

As a matter of fact, there is to-day no Red peril in Mexico, nor is one likely to appear unless foreign interests join forces with certain elements in Mexico in continuing the oppression of the Mexican people. The popular protest against the present tyranny has hitherto been blind and wanting in direction, but there is evidence in many quarters of a growing strength and purpose. If it is permitted to develop normally, this new consciousness of worth on the part of a long-despised race should prove of inestimable value in the reconstruction of Mexico.

To achieve this great emancipation is the avowed intent of the present Mexican Government, whose leaders I sincerely believe are honestly and intelligently setting to work to solve the tremendous problems that face the country. They are fully aware of the wisdom of a policy of sympathy and co-operation with the working classes. If they fail, as certain of our exploiters of Mexico seem to wish, we may indeed have a Red Mexico to deal with. The Mexican peon is not yet free, but he has had a glimpse of freedom and he will never again regard his ancient condition as fixed and unchangeable. I am, etc.,

New York City.

AGNES DE LIMA.

BOOKS.

THE ADAMS MIND.

As *Energetik* the Adams power seems to have reached its consummation in John Quincy Adams, rising from the explosive legalism of John Adams into the broad and controlled but drastic political speculation of his son. After their passionate vigour the family power seems to have receded soberly in Charles Francis Adams. He possessed that "instinctive mastery of form" which was part of the Adams heritage, and it was doubtless true of his mind that "within its range it was a model"; but he never shot an arrow at a star as John Quincy Adams did; on the other hand he seems to have absorbed the sense of final defeat with which his father ended his days. Charles Francis Adams fulfilled his duties almost perfectly, but he was essentially unhopeful, stoical, formal. In the "Cycle of Adams Letters"¹ an almost complete outline of his character appears, with certain of his characteristic reactions. The cool self-respect of his interchanges with the British Ministers is here shown, and his inflexible, perceptive sense of the forces at work against him. His attitude towards Lincoln is indicated by the almost complete absence of reference, so marked indeed is this silence that one wonders whether some sharp, transient passage may not have been excised in the process of editing. But this attitude in itself is revealing. There may have been something in it of regional Pharisaism, but quite apart from this, Charles Francis Adams must have felt in relation to Lincoln a deep and abiding mental antipathy. The Adamses always set out from a fixed point, or had one in their vision, and Lincoln was perhaps the greatest of experimentalists in statesmanship; his thought was immeasurably plastic; his power was one which Adams could neither feel nor understand, nor, for that matter, even imagine. His relation to Lincoln never changed, just as his feeling for Seward never changed. In the "Cycle" his loyalty to Seward is half revealed, along with an often radical disagreement. There is a spark of romantic vagary in this loyalty; it must have been romantic, in some stiff and tempered fashion, for Seward as well as Lincoln was an alien type, with his "slouching, slender figure, a head like a wise macaw, a beaked nose, shaggy eyebrows, unordered hair and clothes, hoarse voice, offhand manner, free talk and perpetual cigar." In Seward, said Henry Adams, "the political had become nature, and no one could tell which was mask and which features." Charles Francis Adams could have had no mask beyond that effect of self-obliteration which his detachment must sometimes have given him, and he surely detested disguises; but Seward's ardour and inventive energy must have been compelling to his far cooler temperament, and his mind must have met Seward's at the point of its power of statesmanship. But it was characteristic of Adams that in his one great effort to pay tribute to Seward, in the memorial address, his usually fluent style became

awkward, his figures exaggerated; his feeling failed to break through.

The younger Charles never ceased to deplore his own inheritance of the unsympathetic family manner and of the family habit of self-scrutiny. His letters in the "Cycle"—far and away the best reading of the collection—show how radically different he was from his father. In the rough activity of a young Civil War officer he found exactly the medium which released his qualities, and he probably never again found such full release. He was practical and positive, vehement, blunt-minded, immensely curious, lacking in any strong philosophical compulsion but in concrete matters keeping the Adams talent for organization. He had a prime instinct to attack disorder or preconceived tradition, to strip away sentimentality and get down to fact, and he fought what he believed to be the weaknesses of his own mind as unflinchingly as he attacked Drew, Gould, Fisk, and Vanderbilt. Occasionally he fought his own traits vicariously, as when, in the Civil War letters, he berated his brother Henry for his habit of analysis and self-questioning, writing with an exasperation which betrayed his own fear, even then, of the same habit. He was always a frank and unsparing critic, of his father as well as of Henry; his candour blows a strong wind, even at this distance, but it was usually justified by a sound discernment, though it is doubtful whether he ever had the full equipment for understanding his brother. He believed himself to have been happier than his forbears, and he probably was; but even for him life seemed mainly a battle-ground or an area for reform.

The development of Henry Adams's peculiar and contradictory genius for happiness is thus all the more remarkable. He had more wit than the others, more esprit. In the sensitive passages of the "Chartres" he showed that he possessed a kind of quiet gaiety, as of the upper air or the sweeter passages of earth, and nearer to the music of Mozart than anything else. But more than all the other Adamses he had his reserves and concealments. His youthful letters in the "Cycle" are only partially self-communicative; already his personality was beginning to shroud itself in a style; and, while his "Letters to a Niece" are affectionate and charming, their graceful withholding of self amounts almost to genius. There is scarcely a revelatory line in all their pages.

Perhaps no estimate of Henry Adams can ever be quite secure, for even at points of direct self-revelation he was sometimes paradoxical, often wilfully so, according to Mr. Brooks Adams. In the "Letters to a Niece" one effect of contradiction, however, seems needlessly raised by the inclusion of the "Prayer to the Virgin" with the interpretative comment in the prefatory "Niece's Memories" which tends to make of it a direct confession of religious faith. As such it scarcely runs in unison with the "Rule of Phase." Measured simply as "force" the poem hardly seems significant, for it lacks a compelling emotion; the crucial motivation is wholly absent. It seems rather an attempt to construct an attitude. Even in its most perfect expression, in the "Chartres," Henry Adams's feeling for the Virgin—when it is manifest as feeling—is obviously the product, not of religious faith, but of an exalted feminism heightened by an exquisite æsthetic sensibility. The chapter on "The Three Queens" makes the angle of view unmistakable. The feminism itself was complex and pervasive and of long growth, intellectualized yet delicately sensuous; some critics might make of it a main motive in Henry Adams's thought

¹ "A Cycle of Adams Letters. 1861-65." 2 vols. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

¹ "Letters to a Niece, and Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres." Henry Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

and feeling, but it can hardly have led him to accept an ancient dogma. If proof is needed, much can be found in the relative chronology of his work.

But the question remains on a broader ground whether the mind of Henry Adams was not a divided mind. In the contemplation of mediæval beauty he certainly found joy; his expression in the "Chartres" is the most perfect of all his writing. It is easy to believe that in such rich æsthetics he found his medium—an odd outcome, surely, for an Adams! But he was led as well into those intricate ratiocinations which brought him uncertainties and even despair. In each case he reached a culmination slowly. For years the French cathedrals had failed to speak to him; he attained his extraordinary virtuosity of appreciation by a fairly sudden and concentrated application, when he was past sixty. Yet the "Chartres" was conceived as part of a philosophic sequence, and as such it remains. Whether because of some undying instinct or because of the effect of a long tradition, he increasingly demanded a rationalizing structure of speculative thought; structure indeed makes itself beautifully felt in all, even the most poetic of his work. He was true to the Adams type. He did not begin at a fixed point, as John Quincy Adams did, but he reached one; and it is a curious fact that he and his grandfather, widely different in temperament as in time, came to an almost identical negation, the one of his Calvinistic God, the other of a continuing cosmic energy; and each related his conclusions, at least partially, to the tendencies of American life; and their inferences were, to say the least, not flattering.

All the Adamses lived and worked in an atmosphere which was to them alien; the family habit of reserve and withdrawal was the replica and probably in some measure the result of an explicit separation from American society, the society of the nineteenth century. Roughly speaking, it indicated the placing of an aristocratic temper in the midst of aggressive equalitarians. More exactly, it involved the conflict between a sequence of minds which passionately believed in order as a basis for thought and action, and one—the national—which believed in experiment, or at worst in *laissez-faire*. The struggle was sometimes prodigious, even tragic; it is a measure of their stature that the Adamses invariably encountered main issues. They all suffered defeat at crucial points; they considered themselves defeated. Henry Adams would doubtless have said that in his own case there was no conflict; he simply remained outside—the logical consummation of the type.

How visionary the Adamses often were, and how remote in mind from the civilization in which they lived is suggested at innumerable points in all their personal writings; but there is a certain saliency in the picture of John Quincy Adams on his way to the dedication of the Cincinnati Observatory, which Mr. Brooks Adams draws in his preface to "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma." Old and tired and bewildered, pursuing a crude triumphal route, met at every point by the huzzas of the Western populace, which seemed chiefly to understand that he was an ex-President, he made the arduous journey with the abstract hope of helping to establish "science as a principle of political action." Even then such a notion was extinct, if ever it had truly existed; the rationalistic approach may always have been out of key in this country. But certainly it was a splendid and challenging dream. It is not too easy for a buoyant pragmatism to dismiss the body of thought which the Adamses have constructed—nor to meet their negations.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

ALAS, POOR CLIO!

PROFESSOR TURNER'S "Europe, 1789-1920"¹ is made up of the usual ingredients of historical data for the period with which it deals, all carefully reduced to mince-meat, tastefully prepared and served up in a palatable *soufflé* form—so light and so innocuous that even the most delicate intellectual digestion can deal with it without effort or strain. Far be it from the critic to suggest that this volume is to be taken as a standard of American scholarship—or of the author's—or to imply that in our universities the study of history is always a kindergarten lesson of this sort. The "best work" done in our colleges has little to do with the general level. It has always been the tendency for the more promising students to form a chapel apart in the academic congregation, where they may escape from the rut of general courses and from the general rabble of their fellow undergraduates.

It is to this proletariat of general students that Professor Turner opens wide his arms, and it is at once apparent that he fully understands with whom he has to deal. Only a long experience with their peculiarities and limitations could have enabled him to reduce his subject so successfully to terms of one syllable, and to achieve the smoothness and rapidity necessary to give the required illusion of "light reading." As is so often the case, however, with professorial literature, the writer, though always mindful that he is addressing an infantile audience, never allows himself to forget that he is addressing also an unseen gallery of critical fellow-professors, who are ever as he knows on the watch for slips, errors or omissions. Being masters of the subject themselves they will tolerate no *longueurs* and only the briefest explanations; and above all they are unpardoning of any personal sallies, any unorthodox suggestions not yet accepted by strictly unionized historical opinion. Professor Turner, therefore, plays safe and puts everything in a thoroughly correct and conservative manner. In some ways, the result is slightly bewildering, for he covers the whole field of his study from 1789 to 1920 much in the manner of a guide conducting a party of patient sightseers in an automobile which dashes at top-speed past all the interesting scenery along the route. Everything is alluded to—everything from the Jacobins to Rosa Bonheur—but nothing is set forth. To the ordinary reader this produces the bewildering effect of beholding a ten-reel movie run off at lightning-speed, but the student who dutifully memorizes his few pages a day for examination purposes will have much reason to be grateful to Professor Turner for this method of passing over the surface of things, stopping nowhere and seeing nothing.

It is in this regard for the "average student" that the book is significant. The author's treatment of the subject is consistent throughout and perfectly adapted to the end in view, which is to enable a student who knows nothing to learn a little more than nothing—and to learn it with the least possible mental effort. If it is objected that such a purpose is not worth while, that it amounts to no more than a flimsy, superficial hocus-pocus—that, at least, is not Professor Turner's fault. He has to take things as he finds them and students as they are, and he knows, as every professor knows, that the aim of the average college student is not to acquire an understanding of European history, but to pass the course, forget it, and get down to work—in, let us say, the soap business.

Certain traits in this volume deserve special notice, too, in that they so clearly reflect certain characteristic tendencies of present-day historical teaching: for example, the glorification of everything modern. The general impression given by Professor Turner is that the nineteenth century emerged suddenly out of black barbarism, into a glorious civilization of plumbing, matches, electric lights, automobiles, newspapers and movies. Characteristic, too, is the general complacency and optimism of the author's point of view. "The period between the

¹ "Europe, 1789-1920." Edward Raymond Turner. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

French Revolution and the present was the most wonderful in the history of mankind." *Voilà!* "The fundamental problems of feeding, housing and clothing people were solved as never before." Even more characteristic is the disproportionate discussion of recent events. To include the European War and the Peace Conference in a single volume which begins with the French Revolution is surely in contempt of common sense. The excuse that "the others are all doing it," unfortunately true though it may be, does not justify Professor Turner in devoting nearly half his record to the period since 1900; nor can he be excused for his careless, superficial and even unintelligent treatment of the recent conflict. The chapters dealing with the period of the war are a mere compilation of newspaper-headlines and official propaganda—a distillation of the mental fluid of the more popular weeklies. But they serve at least to suggest the way in which the study of history in American colleges is being diluted imperceptibly into the innocuous half-of-one-percent standard of the current-events class of the community-forum.

T.

THE ROMANTIC TEMPERAMENT IN MUSIC

WHENEVER one takes up a book on the romantic movement in music, one is struck afresh by the wealth of material that here awaits the writer who, throwing over once for all the now rather threadbare clichés of academic criticism, such as "subjectivity and objectivity," "form and content," "tradition and revolt," and the question-begging epithets like "pattern-weaving" for classicism and "emancipation from form" for romanticism, will go back to the individual composers concerned and apply to them Freud's technique of analysis. What incomparable subjects for psycho-analysis, for instance, are the boyishly theatrical Berlioz and the ever-posturing Liszt! How subtle were their rationalizations of their lack of discipline as "originality," of their lack of restraint and the sense of proportion of the really great artist as a heaven-scaling passion that could not bother with earthly limitations! Their strength and their weakness, in both cases, were highly personal, as were also in their different ways Chopin's, Schumann's, and Schubert's. Each man needs to be studied as a personal temperament and point of view, however much they may have had in common; and such a personal study, carried out in the light of modern psychology, would illumine most of the fallacies as well as most of the triumphs of what we vaguely call romanticism. Instead of such studies, however, we get only more of the old convenient, tame, and devitalized generalizations.

That Mr. Locke, in his "Music and the Romantic Movement in France,"¹ has not applied a more modern method is the more regrettable in that on the scholarly side, at least, he is obviously well fitted for the task he has undertaken. He has read widely in musical literature and biography and in general æsthetics. His book is well documented, and contains many interesting pages. But because of his incorrigible tendency to generalize, to trace schools, influences and intellectual concepts instead of envisaging individual artists, his treatment is often unreal and irritatingly a priori, and verges toward the dogged academicism of the doctor's thesis. He himself seems sometimes to suspect this; thus he remarks:

Berlioz had the instinct for artistic lying which is essential to all good story-telling. In his 'Autobiography' he says, 'One day when Crispino was lacking in respect, I made him a present of two shirts, a pair of trousers, and three good kicks behind.' In a note he added, 'This is a lie, and is the result of an artist's tendency to aim at effect. I never kicked Crispino.' . . . His 'Autobiography' may, however, contain more real self-revelation in its inaccuracies than in its accuracies.

Precisely: but it is just these inaccuracies that we wish Mr. Locke would trace for us; instead, he often allows them to deceive him. "An artist's tendency to aim at

effect"—there, self-confessed, is the Achilles's heel of the romanticism of Berlioz in his more boyishly braggadocio moods; of the struggling and canting Liszt. Why does Mr. Locke not expose it?

Through this too easy acceptance of the self-valuation of romanticists, and of the often laughably superficial appraisal of their aims and methods into which it has led those critics who know less about music than does Mr. Locke, he lets his treatment fall into conventionalism. In some places he seems to accept without hesitation both the oft-repeated identification of classicism with an inexpressive formalism, which is in reality at the pole from the tireless search after beauty of the true classic spirit, and the easy assumption of "freedom" of the half-baked romantic who has only sterilized and isolated himself by his contempt of discipline. Mr. Locke seems not to recognize the essentially classic spirit of Chopin, which led him to break his pens and ruin his nerves in his ceaseless search after perfection; a spirit which will make his works, slight as some of them are, long outlive the rhodomontades of Berlioz, and the vulgar and diffuse sensationalisms of Liszt. In short, Mr. Locke accepts too uncritically, in spite of his often interesting way of setting them forth, the traditional pigeon-holes of the routine critic, who, founded as he is on conventionalisms, is usually wrong. "As a man," he tells us, "Chopin lacked virility. It was unfortunately consistent with his lack of manly action all through life that, unlike the rest of his compatriots, he did not return to his country when the Polish Revolution broke out in 1830." Unlike the rest of his compatriots? Yes, thank heaven, something in the same way as Cleopatra, in the opinion of the two Victorian spinsters, was "so unlike our own beloved Queen." This is strangely to misread that passion for pure beauty that burned in Chopin, that all through his short life consumed all lesser loyalties.

Such misconceptions drive one to wonder whether all attempts to treat so individual a matter as art in the scientific or pseudo-scientific categories of academic criticism are not, after all, mistaken. There are classic, as there are romantic, temperaments in all ages. While one tendency may, indeed, preponderate in one age, and another in another, the study of tendencies is always in danger of carrying us away from the significant realities. In art the most significant reality of all would seem to be that indomitable quest of beauty which, when combined with sensitiveness, makes a man a classic in whatever age he may live and exempts him from any obligation towards social, literary or philosophic activities which those less gifted may serviceably pursue. "Though a greater musical genius than Meyerbeer, Berlioz, or Liszt," says Mr. Locke, "Chopin shared least in the activities of the romantic movement, and never belonged to the radicals in the progressive musical life of the day." If we were to substitute "because" for "though" in this dictum, we should perhaps come nearer the truth.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

CONVICT NO. 9653

A LEADER of unpopular thought often wins the affection of his followers, and their devotion to him is naturally intensified by their partisan devotion to his ideas; but it is a very rare man who, after years of uncompromising advocacy of beliefs that make the majority of people uncomfortable, gains the respect and love of men indifferent to his principles or hostile to them. The friendship of the rationalist Franklin and the emotional Methodist Whitefield is all the more admirable testimony to the richness of the two men's natures because they disagreed on the main doctrines to which Whitefield gave all his passionate energy. The tributes to Mr. Debs which Mr. Sinclair has published in "Debs and the Poets"² do not, to be sure, contain anything so startling as a loving message from the president of the Pullman Company or from a justice of the Supreme Court, but many of the tributes are from

¹ "Music and the Romantic Movement in France." Arthur Ware Locke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

² "Debs and the Poets." Edited by Ruth Le Prade. Published by Upton Sinclair. Pasadena, California.

men who do not see eye to eye with Mr. Debs on political and industrial matters.

This is true, for example, of two of his earliest friends, Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley. What they have in common with Mr. Debs is a sort of Mid-Western heartiness that gets safely over the bogs of sentimentality because it is utterly honest and virile. Mr. Debs could not possibly, in a moment of cold argument (and he is capable of cold argument), agree with the economics of Mr. Wells or Mr. Shaw. But Mr. Wells, "being something of a radical myself," touches the situation with wry humour: "Liberty enlightening the world' and behind it Debs in prison." Mr. Shaw, of course, gets the full value of every word of a cable message: "Clearly the White House is the only safe place for an honest man like Debs." Most of the admirers of Mr. Debs are necessarily in agreement with him on general principles, and they all write from the one general principle that somehow justice and liberty, understood and felt in different ways by different men, have been violated. But, principles aside, they like this man. The first poem in the collection, by Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke, puts the case plainly:

Nay, I am not of your cause . . .
Yet, altho' I flout your clan,
Tho' I disbelieve your plan,
Answer me who will or can—
Who out-mans you as a Man?

But in all this one feels that there is too much insistence on the fact that Mr. Debs is in jail. The incarceration of men of genius may have some effect on their ideas. If Raleigh had not been shut up in the Tower, perhaps we should not have his "History of the World"; for, as Thoreau suggests, the energy naturally destined for the world of action, and then thwarted, spent itself in words. Certainly the six months he enjoyed in jail thirty years ago influenced Mr. Debs's thought, if only because it gave him time to read: he went into prison a simple trades-unionist and came out a political philosopher. I am surprised that so few of his friends and idolators pay tribute to this aspect of the man as well as to his mastery of the art of words. Eugene Field speaks of Mr. Debs's "eloquence," referring rather to his spoken than to his written word. Another literary man, Mr. Max Eastman, says "he is a poet," but then runs off into a vague sentence that poetizes a hero. We are not chiefly interested in Defoe, or Bunyan, or Raleigh, or Thoreau, or Leigh Hunt, because some iniquitous power put them in jail. We read them to see what they had to say and to learn from their own words what manner of men they were. I suggest that Mr. Debs should be treated as a writer and a speaker no less than as a hero and a martyr.

Mr. Debs's style is that of an evangelical preacher with a good sense of humour and no interest in the collection plate. In the days when he was groping towards a style, he met Wendell Phillips and Robert Ingersoll, and learned from them the high old-fashioned oratorical manner: "Those who are familiar by experience, or reading, with the pathways of the storms on the ocean will recall recollections of ships with their sails rent and torn by the fury of the winds, rolling upon the yeasty billows and flying signals of distress," and much more of the same, at which Mr. Debs himself would probably laugh now as heartily as anyone. But in the same speech is a colloquial fable worthy of Lincoln: "Two men quarrelled because one had killed the other's dog with an ax. The owner of the dog inquired, 'When my dog attacked you, why did you not use some less deadly weapon?' The other replied, 'Why did not your dog come at me with the end that had no teeth in it?'" I see, however, that I have done Mr. Debs an injustice by taking this little parable out of its context, the gist of which is that he and the other members of the American Railway Union were fighting power with power and could not always be nice in the face of an unscrupulous enemy.

But it is impossible to reveal Mr. Debs by extracts, for he has been arguing all his life, and his finest phrases grow cold when they are detached from the discourse

in which they have purpose and point. But there are some single sentences that illustrate the fun and the fervour of the man. In his address to the jury that convicted him, he said: "Gentlemen, I abhor war. I would oppose the war if I stood alone. When I think of a cold, glittering steel bayonet being plunged into the white quivering flesh of a human being, I recoil with horror. I have often wondered if I could take the life of my fellow man, even to save my own." Quite simple, is it not, and is there any more to say? Of himself he said thirty years ago: "I do this because it pleases me. I have a heart for others and that is why I am in this work. When I see suffering about me, I myself suffer, and so when I put forth my efforts to relieve others, I am simply working for myself. I do not consider that I have made any sacrifice whatever; no man does, unless he violates his conscience." That seems to be a fair summary of the egoist-altruist problem of philosophy, and a short answer to those who would flood a jail with tears or blow it up with the fire of indignation.

Mr. Debs's identification of himself with suffering humanity is like that of another American poet: "I am the hounded slave. . . . I am the mash'd fireman. . . . I take part, I see and hear the whole." But Mr. Debs does not always give to an idea the ultimate beauty which only the artist, the poet, can give it. Owing to the exigencies of his life there is in his work a good deal of the rough-and-ready, the unfinished. He attributes his deficiencies to lack of education, and his humility becomes almost comic when one remembers the wholesome blows he has sometimes delivered against the universities and standardized education. But he has read enough, and with his mind open. The library in his house in "Terry Hut" is comfortably stocked. The paper which he contributed to the Department of Education of the University of Wisconsin is perhaps somewhat over-rhetorical, but its essential ideas go behind the school rhetoricians to the real motives of expression: "The choice of words is not important, since efficient expression, the result of efficient thinking, chooses its own words, moulds and fashions its own sentences, and creates a diction suited to its own purposes. No man ever made a great speech on a mean subject." That sounds appallingly ethical. But compare the written work of Mr. Debs with the written work of Mr. Wilson, with or without the help of Mr. Hale's analysis, and see if it is not true. The excellence of Mr. Debs's expression is due fundamentally to the fact that he has known what he meant to say and has believed thoroughly in what he was trying to say. The man who has convictions, who is endowed with intellectual and emotional energy, and who, in addition, spends many patient hours studying the art of expression, can not go far wrong when the moment comes for him to make himself understood.

JOHN MACY.

SHORTER NOTICES.

ALTHOUGH one can hardly concur in Mr. Bouton's belief that the German revolution ought to be designated as "the world's greatest political event," there can be no two opinions as to the need for such a book as his "And the Kaiser Abdicates."¹ After two years of groping with fragmentary and contradictory rumours, in an effort to piece them into some sort of intelligible whole, one turns with profit to this clearly-stated, consecutive and well-considered report of an eye-witness. Thanks to the internal and external censorship—the latter assiduously backed up by our State Department at Washington—the amount of political news from Germany has been kept at a minimum. Moreover, as Mr. Bouton points out, when the correspondents did actually get on the scene, they were so absorbed in reporting the occurrences of the day that they had no opportunity to go back and pick up the threads. That is what Mr. Bouton has done in this volume. His text is thorough and logically arranged; it provides a concise handbook for those who realize that the changes which were taking place behind the military lines are the changes with which the world must still reckon.

L. B.

¹ "And the Kaiser Abdicates." S. Miles Bouton. New Haven: Yale University Press.

It is characteristic of contemporary journalism—or rather of the public for which contemporary journalism is executed—that the editorials should be growing shorter and shorter, while the “columns” of wit and humour and contributed light verse should grow longer and longer. To-day an editorial that passes the 300-word limit automatically cuts itself off from the attention of the hurried reader, who will nevertheless cast an appraising eye down a humorous column, no matter how arid it may be. “The Gentle Art of Columning”¹ is defined by its author as a “treatise,” but Mr. Edson is himself too much of a practitioner to adhere to such formal methods. The book is crowded with examples from the experts, and is launched by a handful of humorous prefaces by such familiar “conductors” as Messrs. Don Marquis, Christopher Morley and Franklin P. Adams. One only regrets that the author, instead of regarding his subject so entirely from the standpoint of the coterie who carry it on, did not devote more attention to the forces which have made this type of personal journalism so paramount.

L. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

AT the close of the American Revolution more than one hundred thousand citizens of what was to become the United States left the country and took refuge on soil that was still British. They were Tories and Loyalists; a large proportion of them were of old New England stock and perhaps the majority exiled themselves in Canada. John Adams said that over “one-third of the influential characters” in the Colonies joined in the exodus, driven out by a campaign of persecution characterized by John Jay as one of “an unnecessary rigour and unmanly revenge without a parallel except in the annals of religious bigotry and blindness.” It was these exiles who were the founders of civilization in Canada; and thus it comes about, as Professor Baker says in his “History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation” (Harvard University Press), that Canada, unlike the United States, “has never been a direct intellectual colony of England” and that, however meagre and halting our own literature has been, it has an offshoot in the Dominion.

IF Canada has remained an intellectual outpost of the United States, if its humour has been “American” humour, and its chief novelist, John Richardson, was an imitator of Cooper, and New York has served as its literary and publishing capital—still, morally no less than politically, it continued to be an apanage of England. Years ago (not long after the days when Sydney Smith was inquiring, “Who reads an American book?”) President Felton of Harvard condemned a book by a Canadian author on the ground, says Professor Baker, that “no colonial government had ever evoked the nobility of character essential to greatness.” Great writers are rare enough under any conditions, and the question of the value of nationalism as an incentive in literature is one that will probably never be solved. We can say, however, that some of the most distinguished writers of this country, Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, William James, for example, have received an undoubted stimulus from the sense that America was committed to a destiny of its own. We can also say that in order to become universal a literature must be directly expressive of life and consequently of its own life, that the colonial frame of mind prevents a people from frankly accepting its own life, and that a people can open itself to the influences of general culture only when it has ceased to stand in a pupillary relationship to any one “national culture” that has been formed under conditions quite different from its own. It would be a curious inquiry, how much American literature owes to the sentiment of independence, how much to the colonialism of Canada is due the fact that its literature has remained wholly derivative and relatively sterile.

WHAT character has this literature? What has been its development, so far as it has had a development? And how does it parallel that of our own literature? The

Confederation took place in 1867: Professor Baker's history thus extends to a point corresponding with that of the Civil War. Seen in this relation Canadian literature closely resembles our own, with the New England school left out; that is to say, it resembles the literature of the Middle States and especially New York, with its Knickerbocker group, its Cooper (in Richardson) its Washington Irving (in Haliburton, who combines, however, some of the traits of Artemus Ward), its vein of Oliver Goldsmith and its Byronism. Somewhat earlier one finds the same type of political satire that flourished in Freneau, the same style of oratory as that of our own Revolutionary period, with its reminiscences of Pitt and Burke, the same rude accounts of Western exploration. Through the popular balladry there runs a strain of homesickness for the old country that is not to be found anywhere in the verse written south of the border. “O tell na me this is my hame” is a line that could never have occurred in the poetry of Bryant's circle, whom the Revolution had convinced that America was their home and who were busily discovering it and reconciling themselves to it.

BUT what is most notably absent in the comparison is the entire cycle of ideas and emotions characteristic of the New England Renaissance. There is no suggestion of Hawthorne's psychological romance, or of the ethical and philosophical preoccupations of Emerson and Thoreau; there is nothing to correspond with the New England enthusiasm of patriotism and democracy, there is no serious historical writing. These New England spirits had developed, more or less in common, a view of life that was all their own and yet contemporaneous with the outlook of their age in England, France, Germany and Italy: their minds ran along with the minds, to name no others, of Carlyle, George Sand, Mazzini and the Young Europe of the mid-nineteenth century. They were at once more American and more universal than the writers of New York who, under the leadership of Irving, continued, as colonials, the English eighteenth-century tradition of polite letters, gradually modified by the remote influence of the English romantic poets. This latter is what we find in Canada. The *Zeitgeist* never penetrated there: as Professor Baker says, and as we should have expected, “the literary ideals of the Loyalists remained unchanged after the Revolution.” And again: “In the Canadas the writers who count are mainly the Reactionaries.”

IN short, only two figures stand out with any distinctness: John Richardson and the author of “Sam Slick.” How closely Richardson resembled Cooper as a sort of rustic patrician of a type quite unlike anything in New England may be seen in Professor Baker's sketch of his “haughty, exclusive and pugnacious” personal character. And the following phrases have more than a suggestion of Cooper's novels:

All the respectable people are colourless. Only the disreputable personages, like De Forsac, who seeks to ruin Delmaine through the blandishments of his mistress, Adeleine Dorjéville, and thus win the hand of the heroine, Helen Stanley, excite curiosity. . . . With the ‘females’—always his greatest weakness—Richardson is most ineffective: when not insipid they are inevitably ardent and voluptuous. His strength lies in his descriptive power.

As for Haliburton, whom Artemus Ward called “the father of American humour,” and who is certainly the one original writer of Canada before the Confederation, he was, in personality, the very type of the old colonial Loyalist culture. It is perhaps significant that in middle age he went to England to live, where he spent his latter years partly in Parliament but more agreeably at the Athenæum, gossiping with Theodore Hook.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to readers of the *Freeman*:

“The Lost Girl,” by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

“Aspects of Literature,” by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

¹ “The Gentle Art of Columning.” Charles L. Edson. New York: Brentano's.

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Chicago, Ill.

A voice from the pit.

I am a coal miner, and have been out of work, and have had to leave home to get a job. Otherwise I certainly would not have allowed my subscription to get in arrears. Thanks for your consideration in sending my paper right along. I had almost come to believe there was no paper published in our country which had the interests of the producer at heart. The FREEMAN suits me better than any paper I ever took: as I long ago realized the great newspapers were about all working in the interests of the rich and powerful, and cared little for the workers. I hope you will succeed in making the FREEMAN a power for good.

G. M. B.

Scammon, Kan.

So do we.

The FREEMAN is the best magazine in the world and I'd hate to do without it. Wish I could scatter several thousand subscriptions abroad in the land.

A. C.

Los Angeles, Cal.

We sympathize with her pain.

We are filled with admiration of your paper and ache to drop it upon every front porch in this benighted land.

MRS. H. H. S.

Essex Fells, N. J.

One of the disillusioned.

Enclosed please find my check for \$6.00 for a year's subscription to be sent to ———, Chicago, Illinois. Kindly begin with the 16 February number which I believe contains that superb article "Judas Triumphant" expressing so perfectly the feeling of thousands of disillusioned people. With deepest appreciation of the fine work your paper is doing and best wishes for its future.

M. C. S.

Chicago, Ill.

Truly, a staff to lean on.

You certainly have a wonderful staff of writers. And I do hope they can maintain the pace at which they are going. Used, as I have been, to papers like the . . . and . . . and even the . . .—your paper is nothing less than a miracle. In cultural value, I am certain that a year's careful reading of your paper is the full equivalent—and then some—of a bachelor's degree.

I am with you in your attempt to build up a radical newspaper.

S. M: B.

Chicago, Ill.

Long life to him!

Enclosed find check for \$6.00 in payment of renewal subscription to the FREEMAN. Kindly see that the magnificent publication goes forward to my address as long as I remain on earth.

Would that the gospel the FREEMAN voices came to the ears and understanding of every intelligent citizen of America; we might be able to save something for posterity.

With best wishes for the success of your publication, I am,

W. T. E.

New Ulm, Minn.

A friend writes:

A WORD of active appreciation of The FREEMAN and its editors is long overdue. At the outset I was somewhat staggered by the fact that a new weekly, clad in quiet Quaker garb, should appear with due modesty upon the scene and yet display in terms of character and cultivated intelligence a charm and influence so immediately moving and compelling. In due course, however, the consistent quality of the successive numbers served to banish any of my lingering doubts.

It is a genuine achievement to have succeeded in producing in this period of intense intellectual confusion a weekly journal of such philosophic poise and statesmanlike comprehension. And when it is possible to add that through the several numbers runs a golden thread of shimmering humour—whose other names are tolerance, sympathy and imagination—serving to illumine the essential unity of the whole body of their literature, it implies high praise indeed.

You are setting a standard which must have one effect—to raise the level of critical intelligence of a reading public long surfeited with meaningless pages of print ground out by a journalistic brotherhood whose God is Munchausen.

THE FREEMAN, INC., B. W. Huebsch, *President*,
116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

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